# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 74. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 19


### SOMEWHERE BETWEEN.

BY S. U. W.

Between the daybreak and the sun,
Between what's doing and undone,
'Twixt what is lost and what is won,
The span of life we see.

Between the thinking and the deed,
Between the asking and the need,
'Twixt those who follow and those who lead,
I find myself and thee.

Between our hope which shines afar
Against life's sky like some bright star,
And fate's most stern, relentless bar,
All joys and woes exist.

So, if our lives, which seem so bright,
Should be obscured by some dark night,
Remember there's a brighter light,
No darkness can resist.

# A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER VI.

"MY dear Dane!" murmured Chandos with gentle reproach.

Dane glanced at him with the same kind of queerness.

"One should never lay oneself open to temptation, or give even the excuse for scandal. A young girl visit your chambers! What would be said, what would be thought, if it were known? And I suppose your man Walford, like the rest of them, is not to be trusted? My dear Dane, you should have more consideration for your reputation."

"Thanks," said Dane in a dry voice. "As for Walford, I have had him for many years, ever since I left college, and he would as soon think of talking of my visitors, male or female, as—you would."

"I am delighted to hear it," rejoined Chandos, in a tone that implied his distrust of Walford was as strong as ever. "But the girl, Dane? What did she want? he inquired with a curiosity remarkable in so virtuous and superior a young man.

"Well," said Dane slowly, "she seemed surprised and taken back when she got into the room and saw me, and when I rose and offered a chair she blushed for a moment, then went white and—and faltered out that there must be some mistake."

Mr. Chandos smiled in a superior way.

"The usual excuse! My dear Dane she was acting; it was all theatre, as the French say. And what was her business?"

"That's what I asked her," said Dane, "She was very overwhelmed and confused, and for a time I couldn't make out what was amiss. But it seemed that she had been cruelly used. The old story, Chandos—a trusting woman and a blackguard who had taken advantage of her innocence to betray her."

"Dear, dear! This is dreadful!" murmured Chandos. "I suppose her story was true? It was not a cleverly got up tale to draw some money from you, eh?"

"I believe her story was true," said Dane. "I'm not a clever man like you, Chandos, but I'm not too easily imposed upon. Her story was true, yes."

"But why on earth did she come to you?" said Chandos curiously.

"Well, it happened this way," said Dane, staring hard at his cigar. "Her betrayer had managed to keep her in ignorance of his real name, and had left her, as he thought, without any clue to his identity."

"The scoundrel!" murmured Chandos with mild indignation. "Ah, my dear Dane, when will our legislature pass a law punishing such cold-hearted villainy? I trust when you get into the Upper House that you will turn your attention to the question."

"Y-es," said Dane. "But it seems that this gentleman had been, as usual, not quite clever enough. He had left a handkerchief in her possession, a handkerchief marked with his name."

Mr. Chandos nodded with profound satisfaction.

"But still, I don't see, Dane, why she should come to you."

"Well, you can see," said Dane slowly, "the name was the same as mine—Armitage."

Mr. Chandos raised himself and opened his mouth like a cod, then sank back, very red in the face, and quite dumb.

"The same name!" repeated Dane. "Some friend had looked up the name for her in the directory, found mine and my address, and the poor girl had come to my chambers, expecting to find her betrayer."

Mr. Chandos blew his nose with his delicately-scented handkerchief and kept it up before his red face for a lengthened period.

"I was naturally curious to know who he was—this man with the same name as my own—and I asked her to describe him." He paused and took a drink of his champagne. "You will not be surprised to hear that she gave an exact description of yourself, Chandos."

Mr. Chandos sat up, then sank down again.

"My dear Dane, I—you—er——"

"Hold on," said Dane coldly; "I don't want you to explain your conduct or to make it worse by lying. Your private life is no concern of mine; the whole business would not concern me in any way if the girl had not come to me; but as she had come I could not turn a deaf ear and a cold heart to her story. She says you left her to starve."

"My dear Dane, you—you shock me; there—there must be some misunderstanding," said Chandos rather huskily, and still very red in the face. "There is—er—always—er—a great deal of exaggeration in these cases, and—er—I'm afraid——"

"Perhaps," said Dane sternly; "but I don't think there was in this one. Anyway, I gave her some money—for you—and I promised to give her some every month, still on your account. I did this for the honor of the family. You can pay me back if you like, and if you don't you can leave it alone."

"My dear Dane——"

"Hold on a moment; I don't want to hear any more about it. I've got my own opinion of your conduct, and I daresay you know what that is without my telling you. But," with a sudden burst of indignation, with a sudden eruption of the temper for which he was famous, "for Heaven's sake don't vapor about sentiment and virtue to me any more, or I—I shall feel jolly well tempted to chuck you out of the window."

Mr. Chandos turned pale—for Dane had half risen from his chair—and eyed his cousin with mingled fear and hate. And it may be said that at that moment, though he would not have had the courage to stick Lord Dane under the fifth rib, he would have looked on with cheerful satisfaction while someone else did it.

"I—I think you make too much of the—the matter, my dear Dane," he said rather stammeringly. "An affaire de cœur—an—an ordinary flirtation with—with a girl whom a man in my position could not dream of—of marrying."

"No, you were too good to marry her, but not too high and mighty to ruin her," said Dane fiercely. "There, for heaven's sake, hold your tongue! I always thought you were a mean lot, Chandos, with all your poetical rant, and now I know it. That will do! Better keep your mouth shut; you can't better the business by lying about it. I'm sorry to have to talk to you like this while I am, so to speak, your host—but——"

"My dear Dane, you—you act according to your light," murmured Mr. Chandos. "I—er—never set up to be a paragon of all the virtues, and I—er—daresay you yourself are not immaculate."

"No," responded Dane with a mixture of passionate indignation and self-reproach. "I'm a bad lot enough, I know, but I'm—— if I'm as bad as that. There, that will do! Have some more wine—another cigar?"

Mr. Chandos rose with a very fair attempt at dignity, but he was still rather pale, and kept the table between him and the stalwart, strong-muscled Dane.

"No, thanks. I have had enough, thank you; and, if you will permit me to say so, I think you have too. Nothing but—but the excellence of the champagne would excuse your—er—language. But I forgive you, my dear Dane," he made haste to add, as Dane took his legs off the chair and regarded his virtuous cousin with flashing eyes. "I forgive you. I can bear a great deal at your hands, and—and—I trust that this story, which is not—er—altogether correct—will not be repeated."

Dane laughed savagely.

"Yes, it's likely I should repeat it," he grunted.

"Quite so. These—these—small matters of private sentiments are—er—best kept private."

"Oh, go to—bed!" exclaimed Dane.

"Yes, I think I will; good-night, Dane! I—er—shall continue my rambles to-morrow. I may start early, quite early, before your breakfast hour. If so, I will say 'good-bye!'"

He held out his hand, but as Dane, with unusual shortsightedness, did not appear to see it, Mr. Chandos pretended he was reaching for a match, took it, lit his candle, and with another softly, and sweetly-murmured "good-night," eloquent of long-suffering and forgiveness, got himself out of the room.

But when the door closed, dividing him from his indignant and quick-tempered cousin, Mr. Chandos's expression changed, and his refined and poetic countenance contrived to display an extraordinary malignancy.

"Curse you!" he muttered. "You ride the high horse over me, do you? You think, because you are the heir to the earldom, and I am only Chandos Armitage, that you can say and do what you like! Take care, you bully; take care! My time may come some day——er—er—is it a fine night, waiter?" he broke off, as a waiter came along the passage, and, not unnaturally, stared at the gentleman who was gesticulating and muttering in such an extraordinary fashion.

"Beautiful night, sir; the moon is a-shinin' like—like anything."

"Ah! I—I think I will take a turn before going to bed."

He went downstairs and got his hat, and paused at the bar.

"I think I will take a glass—a small glass—well, perhaps I'd better have one of your ordinary—er—large glasses, of brandy and water hot," he said in dulcet tones to the barmaid. "I do not usually take it, but it is well to be careful."

He drank this with surprising ease, considering its unfamiliarity, and sailed out.

The people of Yarnstaple go to bed early, and it is therefore to be presumed that they are "healthy, wealthy and wise," and the streets seemed to be deserted.

Mr. Chandos strolled along, smoking his cigarette, and chewing the cud of Dane's vigorous language, without meeting anyone for some time, but presently he almost ran against a man coming out of a small public house at one of the corners.

The man apologised, and was passing on, when Mr. Chandos stopped with an exclamation of surprise, and looked hard at him.

"Why, Rawdon, is that you?" he said.

The man stopped as if he had been shot, and stared at his interlocutor in rather a confused and vacuous manner. He was a respectably-dressed man, having something of the appearance of a clerk or a schoolmaster, and his face was rather a weak than a bad one. It was rather heavily lined, and, but for the flush which drink bestows, pale and careworn.

He regarded Chandos shyly, reservedly, for a moment, then smiled feebly.

"It's Chandos Armitage, isn't it?"

He had been at the same college with Chandos, but after leaving Cambridge they had gone their respective ways, and Rawdon's had been a downward one.

"Yes, it is I," said Chandos, blandly. "It is very strange meeting you here in this out-of-the way place. What are you doing here, Rawdon? Got a living—curacy?"

Rawdon shook his head, and lowered it for a moment.

"N—o," he said. "I didn't take orders, after all. I'm not in the Church."

"No? Then what are you doing? Dear me, it is years since we met," said Chandos, scrutinising the other's black and rather shabby garments, and at once adopting a superior and patronizing tone.

"Yes," said Mr. Rawdon, looking up and down the street and then at the well-clad and flourishing Mr. Chandos shyly. "All sorts of things have happened since then. You're pretty flourishing, Armitage, I can see."

Mr. Chandos smiled with that complacency which arouses in one a burning desire to kick the man who displays it.

"Yes? Well, you've been luckier than I have," said Rawdon with a suppressed sigh. "I've had a rough time of it. I meant going in for the Church, as you know; but—but—well, I came a mucker somehow."

Mr. Chandos shook his sleek head reproachfully.

"Ah, my dear Rawdon, the old, old story. Those dreadful cards and—er—the wine cup; you were rather too fond of them in the old college days."

"Yes," assented Rawdon with a sigh. "Yes, I suppose that will account for it. At any rate, I got on the down track; it doesn't matter how, does it?"

He looked up and down the street, and his hand went to his lips, in a stray, restive kind of way. Who does not know it?

"You don't care for a drink, I suppose, Armitage?"

"I rarely drink," said the virtuous poet. "Besides, I'm afraid we could not get anything fit to drink."

"You can get a decent drop of brandy in this place," said Mr. Rawdon, with the air of one who knew by experience; and he led the way into the way into the small public house.

Mr. Chandos was served with some more hot brandy, which he drank leisurely, while Mr. Rawdon drank his glass of spirits with a feverish kind of impatience.

"And so you have fallen on evil days?" remarked Chandos blandly.

Rawdon nodded.

"Yes. I used to think myself a clever sort of fellow; but you see what I've come to," he glanced down at his seedy clothes.

Mr. Chandos offered him a cigarette, but Rawdon shook his head and lit a strong-smelling pipe.

"Everything went wrong with me. I could have passed for the Church or the Army, or the Bar, or anything if it hadn't been for——" he lifted his glass significantly.

"Dear, dear! Ah, my dear Rawdon, what a curse this drink is!" murmured Mr. Chandos, as he sipped his steaming toddy with a pious sigh.

"Yes," assented Rawdon dryly. "But it's the kind of curse that men like myself would rather have than a blessing."

"And what are you doing now?" inquired Mr. Chandos.

Rawdon shrugged his shoulders apologetically.

"At present, I'm teaching elocution and history at a ladies' school here," he said. "It isn't much of a berth, but it keeps the wolf from the door, and finds me in clothes, such as they are, and tobacco. I suppose you don't know of anything better? You'd help an old friend, I suppose, Armitage?"

"Can you doubt it?" murmured Mr. Chandos, who wouldn't have helped him on any consideration. "No, my dear Rawdon, if there is any sentiment which lingers and clings closer to the human heart it is—I say——" the brandy and water on the top of the champagne was rather muddling—"if there is any sentiment which I cherish with the greatest care it is the friendship of early youth. Be sure if I hear of anything that would—er—suit you, that I will communicate with you at once. Dear me, it is a thousand pities you didn't go into the Church. Why, you look more like a parson than anything else now."

Rawdon laughed rather bitterly.

"Do I? That is because I dress in black clothes. It's more respectable, and the schoolmistress where I teach likes it. Well—will you have another? No? Then I will. You'd better. Fill up the gentleman's glass, Jenny."

Mr. Chandos did not protest very firmly, and while he sipped his third glass he regarded his companion and old college chum with a thoughtful smile, albeit with rather a doubtful and double vision.

"And you, I suppose," said Rawdon, "are as flourishing as ever? Let me see, weren't you next heir to some swell earl—the Earl of—of—I forget."

"The Earl of Starminster," said Mr. Chandos. "My cousin ('curse him,' he put in mentally) Dane Armitage is the heir, you remember?"

"Yes, I remember," said Rawdon. "A fine fellow. Was stroke in the 'Varsity boat. Yes, I remember. And there is only his life between you and the title, eh? By Jove, if anything should happen to him, or he shouldn't marry!"

Mr. Chandos set his teeth hard.

"Nothing is likely to happen to him," he said bitterly. "And he's sure to marry; he's engaged as it is."

Rawdon laughed rather unfeelingly. Mr. Chandos considered.

"That's rather hard lines on you, Armitage. Well, if you do come into the title by any fluke, don't forget an old friend."

"I won't, I won't!" assoverated Mr. Chandos.

"Thanks. Look here, I'll just give you my card, so that you can write to me if anything turns up."

He pulled out an old and rather greasy pocket-book and extracted a card. It ran:

"Robert Rawdon,
"Teacher of Elocution and History,
"28, Clongate Street,
"Yarnstaple."

"I'd ask you to come and see me, but my diggings are too shabby for you, and I'm ashamed to do so. I'm awfully hard up. If—if you can lend me a fiver, for God's sake do so, Armitage."

"My do—ar fellow!" murmured Mr. Chandos, who, though he had taken more than was good for him, was not quite intoxicated, "I should be delighted—delighted; but, unfortunately, I have left my purse at the hotel. Good night, and God bless you!"

"Good night!" said Rawdon rather dryly. "Here, you haven't taken the card."

"Bless me, yes!" said Mr. Chandos, and he took it and stuck it in his waistcoat-pocket, and hurried off, little dreaming how soon he would find his old friend useful.

Mr. Chandos went to bed and slept heavily, to wake the next morning with "a head on." To Dane came the sleep which blesses the strong and the temperate; though his sleep was haunted by dreams in which he swam for dear life in the currents of the Yaw, and fancied himself floating out to sea, with an angel, whose face was singularly like that of Lyra Chester, hovering over him and keeping death at arm's length.

But the Sleep god refused to settle on the eyelids of Lyra until the night watches had faded into the hours of the cool gray dawn. And when she fell asleep it was to dream that Dane Armitage was sitting by her in his wet clothes, his arms folded behind his head; his eyes, with their frank, pleasant smile, resting on her. She woke with a start to remember—it flashed upon her in the first moments of consciousness—that he had promised to come again that day.

Would he come? Was it not more likely that he would forget all about it—that, tired of the place and of his adventure, he would take the first train back to London, to that world which was so unknown to her, so full of mystery and enchantment? She went down and into the garden and looked round, and instinctively her eyes wandered to the seat on which he had sat.

Was it only yesterday that he had sat there? It seemed ages and ages ago; it seemed as if she had known him for years, as if he had become part of her life's history.

Mr. Chester coming down found her leaning against the porch, the pigeons and the chickens fluttering round her, and, for the first time, disregarded.

"Is there to be any breakfast this morning, Lyra?" he asked, and she did not notice that his voice was more than usually querulous.

She went in and poured out his coffee for him, but she was strangely silent. It seemed to her that she could not talk, as if something were going to happen, and as if she were waiting for it.

Once or twice she caught herself listening; and at such times she started half guiltily and blushed.

"Father," she said at last, "Lord Armitage has promised to come here this morning and show me how to fish. May I go with him?"

Her father looked up from the book which always lay beside his plate—an old edition of Quarles' "Emblems."

"What?" he said absently. "May you go where? Yes, yes; why do you ask?"

She went outside into the garden again after breakfast, and fed the pigeons; but she had no word for them that morning, and threw them their corn with her eyes fixed on the sand, which soon would be covered by the tide—the tide which had nearly swept him out of life yesterday.

Nine—ten o'clock was struck by the tall, rusty-tongued clock on the stairs, and still he did not come.

She plucked a rose from the bush from which she had gathered one for him yesterday—or was it years ago?—and was going into the house, with a strange feeling of sadness and disappointment weighing heavily upon her, when suddenly she heard a footstep.

It might have been Griffith, the maid, but she knew is was neither.

She stood, her heart beating wildly—why, why? she asked herself with a kind of fierce resentment—then she heard his voice at the gate, and went to meet him.

His eyes, with a frank smile in them—and—and was there something else, something more tender and gentle than a smile?—dwelt on hers.

"Am I too early?" he asked.

Her heart bounded with a kind of amazement at the question. Too early? Why, had she not been waiting hours, days, months!

"N—o," she said; and she knew her voice faltered. "N—o, I am quite ready," and she gave him her small, softly warm hand.

Oh, love, cruel love! Here is one who has done you no harm. One so innocent, so pure, so free from earthly taint, that surely you will—must—spare her! But love has no pity.

"God makes woman perfect. Man spoils her. Love redeems her."

"I've got the rod," said Dane. "Shall we go at once? The trout are rising, I think."

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## CHAPTER VII.

DANE and Lyra walked side by side up the valley, and at first they were rather silent—perhaps Dane was engaged in listening to the chidings of his guilty conscience; perhaps she was rather overwhelmed by the strangeness and novelty of the situation. It was the first time in her life that she had been alone with a man—young, pleasant and good to look upon; and perhaps she was too full of wonder at his graciousness in coming all the way from Yarnstaple to take the trouble of teaching her to fish. Certainly her silence was not caused by a guilty conscience; she did not know that she was sinning against the conventionalities in spending the morning alone with him—that she ought to have had a chaperon with her.

They walked through the little wood, with the sun shining through the leaves and touching her hair with flecks of gold, and emerged into the clearer part of the valley.

"What a lovely morning!" she said at last, and almost to herself.

Dane shook his head.

"Rather too fine for our work," he said, eyeing the sun and bright blue sky reproachfully.

"Really?"

"Yes, it's a bit too bright. You see, the trout can see us afar off, and see the line, and recognize the fact that the flies are made of feathers, and have a suspicious-looking hook underneath 'em. But never mind; perhaps we shall have some luck, and it will cloud over and rain. Though," he added, glancing at her simple morning frock, which, for all its simplicity, seemed to him the prettiest dress, the most becoming, he had ever seen. Once again, as he looked at her, he thought of pictures he had seen in the illustrated papers and the Academy. She was like one of the lovely girls Leslie paints so exquisitely—the frank-eyed, innocent schoolgirls, with the promise of a more lovely womanhood shining in their eyes—"though I'm afraid you'd get wet, and that wouldn't do."

She smiled.

"Oh, it would not matter. I am used to getting wet, and I have nothing on that will spoil. This frock," she added, answering his glance at it, "is as old as the hills."

"All right," he said; "I'll put the rods up now. This is yours."

"What a pretty one!" she said; "and it looks quite new."

"Yes?" he said, with a suppression of the truth; he did not want her to think he had bought it specially for her. "I haven't used it much. I hope it will suit you; that it won't be too heavy," and he spoke as anxiously as if a kingdom depended upon it.

She whisked it to and fro in the awfully reckless fashion of the novice, and Dane thought to himself, "She'll smash the top the first go off; glad I brought a second one."

"Now I'll show you how to run the line on. See? Now you put on the gut—the 'collar,' as they call it; you see it's as fine as a hair, and the color of the water. And now for the fly. Let me think—yes!" He selected an artificial fly from his book, and put it on the gut line. "Pretty, isn't it?"

"Yes; but it doesn't look very much like a real fly," said Lyra critically.

"Oh, it does when it is on the water. It would take a very clever fish to detect the difference. And now I'll show you how to throw it."

"I think I'd rather watch you do it for a few times," said Lyra, with becoming modesty.

"All right," he said.

He put up his own rod quickly, advanced to the stream cautiously, and threw the fly lightly; and Lyra, as she watched him, discovered that the art of fly-fishing is, at any rate, a very graceful one.

He whipped the stream for a hundred yards or so, but the sun was streaming on the water, and the fish saw him and refused to be caught, and he came back to her with a shrug of the shoulder.

"Too bright!" he said. "Never mind, it will be practice for you. Now hold your rod like this, firmly, but still lightly, don't you know."

It was necessary, absolutely necessary, that he should place her fingers around the butt of the rod, and for a moment or two he enclosed her small hand in his; but Lyra was too absorbed in her endeavors to follow his instructions to notice it, though the contact of her hand thrilled through him.

"That's right; now creep gently to the stream—not too close!—and throw the fly like this—see?"

Lyra raised the rod, and hurled, literally hurled the fly at the water, so that every trout within sight and hearing was scared to death, and fled wildly up stream.

"Oh, dear!" she said ruefully; "and it looked so easy!"

He laughed encouragingly.

"So do most things till you try 'em. Sewing looks easy enough when you're watching a lady at it; but I expect I should find it pretty difficult. Don't you be downhearted; that wasn't a bad throw—for the first," he said mendaciously. "Try again, but let me hold your hand and guide it. Now, then, let the rod go of itself; it only wants a movement of the wrist. See? That's better! I told you you could manage it."

"But you threw that," remarked Lyra gravely.

"Not altogether," he said. "Now try by yourself. That's better! Now another—let the line describe a curve and and fall naturally, lightly. See? That was a fish rose that time; it was, indeed."

"Was it? I didn't see it," she said eagerly.

"That's because you're not yet used to looking out for them," he responded promptly. "Presently you'll get as sharp as—as a needle. Now I'm going to step back and leave you a free hand."

Lyra at once took advantage of it to throw the fly over her shoulder and nearly catch him in the face with it. He grinned behind her back. It was not the first time he had taught the art, and knew his danger.

He stood and watched her, and as he watched he forgot his business in rapt admiration. The little figure as she raised herself to her full height and swung her arm, the poise of the beautifully-shaped golden little head, filled him with an ecstatic delight, which shone in his eyes. She looked over her shoulder and very nearly caught the expression, which he rapidly changed to an impersonally critical one.

"Is that better?" she asked anxiously.

"It's perfect," he replied, off his guard for the moment. "I—I mean that it's much better. Don't throw hard—as lightly as you can, remember."

"Do you think I shall catch any fish?" she asked innocently, after two or three more throws.

"I'm certain you will," he responded, with a shameless disregard of the truth. "If it would only cloud over!" he muttered fervently.

He had set his heart upon her catching at least one.

"There is a cloud over there," said Lyra, nodding towards the west.

"So there is," he said hopefully. "I'll smoke a pipe; it generally brings rain."

She laughed softly. The feeblest joke of the young man brought the laughter to her lips and eyes.

"But this must be very wearisome for you, Mr. Armitage?" she said presently. And after a dozen throws: "You will be very sorry you offered to teach me."

"Perhaps I shall," he assented. "Anyhow, I'll tell you when I'm tired of it. That's a bargain, eh?"

She nodded.

"Is your arm getting tired?" he asked presently, and in a grave, tender tone.

She shook her head.

"No, no, not in the least. Do you know I think I saw one run at the fly just then?"

"Very likely," he said, knowing that no fish would venture within a hundred yards of the flopping fly. "You shouldn't say 'run,' because, as a matter of fact, fish don't run. Say 'rise.'"

"Yes," she assented, with a meekness that instantly made him feel like a brute for correcting her.

She made her way slowly up the stream, and he walked beside her, out of reach of the backward cast of the fly, for some minutes in silence. He could see that she was trying her hardest. Her brows were drawn straight, the firm, expressive lips were shut closely, her eyes were fixed on the stream. It was evident that she had almost forgotten him. And he smoked and watched her with a continued sense of infinite pleasure and satisfaction.

Fly-fishing is the poetry of sport. You wander beside a silver stream that babbles rippling music, to which the birds keep up a soft and constant accompaniment. The trees are in their loveliest greenery, the banks are gemmed with wild flowers, rustic gentian, graceful rushes, velvety moss. A butterfly flutters from flower to flower; a dragon-fly, in all the glory of its gorgeous summer dress, soars over the waters, chased by a still more gorgeous kingfisher. The air is soft and balmy, and full of a strange and mystic charm. On such a morning one realizes how truly the poet understood the case when he sang—

> In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove,
> In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

And Dane, as he followed Lyra, all unconsciously was thinking of her—and of love.

How innocent, how unconscious she was! Most girls would have thought more of their companion, of their pose

how they looked, and whether he was admiring her; but this girl had evidently forgotten herself and him—was completely absorbed in her lesson.

Some day, he thought, some man will come along and win her heart, wake the love in it, and she will turn those beautiful eyes upon him with a look that ought, if it does not, send him halt mad with joy and rapture.

Yes, that would happen some day and to some lucky fellow. He sighed.

The sigh startled her, and she stopped and looked at him.

"You are getting tired, Lord Armitage?" she said.

"N-o, no," he said hastily, for she had startled him by her sudden turn. "But I'm afraid you will be, and then I shall never forgive myself. Look here, I'll take a few throws. Never mind; I've left my rod behind there."

"Won't mine do?"

He took the rod; the butt was warm with her grasp; it was almost as good as clasping her hand.

"Thanks," he said. "It ought to bring me luck."

As it happened, the cloud floated over the sky just then and his opportunity came. Throwing with the greatest care, he got a rise; the next moment a trout, gleaming like silver, lay flopping on the grass at her feet.

Lyra started back with a little cry, then blushed and laughed shamefacedly.

"It was so sudden!" she cried. "How did you manage it? How pretty it looks! It—it seems rather a pity to catch it."

He laughed.

"For goodness sake don't say that," he said. "Fish were meant to be caught—and eaten, and he has had his amusement. Don't say it's wicked, like Theo——" he broke off abruptly.

"Like Theodosia?" she said. "I remember. No, I won't, for I don't think there is any harm in it."

He put the trout in the basket hanging on his back, and, with a glance at the fly, handed her the rod.

"Now, then; I'll wager a thousand to one that you catch a trout now. It wasn't your fault—altogether—that you haven't done so before. Now, carefully, and very lightly, mind! You see that broken water there, that little eddy in front of that stone? Throw the fly there; just let it drop. That's it! Again—lightly, mind."

She threw the fly, and fairly well; and, as much to his delight as hers, caught a trout. Of course she jerked it out as if it weighed at least a ton and a half, and of course it went swinging round her head two or three times, narrowly missing Dane's eyes and nose.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "When will it stop?"

He caught the line, unhooked the fish, and showed it to her, his eyes aglow with pleasure at her pleasure and satisfaction.

"And I really caught it!" she exclaimed. "It doesn't sound possible." She began to prepare for another throw immediately.

"Well, what do you say to fly-fishing now?" he asked, with a smile.

"It is delightful!" she said. There was silence for a while, and presently she caught a couple more. A bright look shone in her eyes, a delicious color warmed the clear ivory of her cheek, her lips smiled gratefully upon him.

"I understand it now!" she said thoughtfully.

"Yes; you only want to catch a trout to be bitten with the angling mania," he said, laughing. "You're sorry you didn't know the art before—aren't you?"

"Yes," she said; "and I should never have thought of trying if you had not been kind enough to teach me. And, oh, what a trouble I must be to you! It must be so much nicer to fish oneself than teaching some stupid person."

"That's all right," he said; "and don't call yourself names. You're quicker at it than most people."

"Than the young lady you call Theodosia?"

"Oh, yes; ever so much," he replied briefly. "And now what do you say to moistening the fish? It's generally done at this stage, just to encourage the rest, you know." He changed the subject quickly.

"Moistening the fish?" she asked. Though she had learnt to catch trout she had not yet acquired the anglers' slang.

He drew a silver sherry flask from his pocket.

"We really moisten ourselves, but we put it the other way out of politeness to the trout. I don't know whether you're hungry; you ought to be. I am, fearfully. Shall we sit down and get some lunch?"

She looked the picture of self-reproach.

"Oh, I am so sorry, but I—I quite forgot to bring anything!"

"That's all right," he responded cheerfully, in his pet phrase. "I thought of it—see!" He dived into his pocket, and produced a sandwich case.

"I'm afraid they'll taste of trout," he said. "They always do, however carefully you wrap 'em up in paper or tin. Where's a nice place?"

He found a boulder standing up in the mossy grass, and flicked the top of it with his handkerchief.

"Here's a seat for you," he said. "Give me your rod; or, better still, why not sit on the grass, and lean against the stone? That's the thing! I hope it's comfortable."

"It's as good as an armchair!" she said.

He opened the by no means small sandwich case and extended it to her. "Own up that you're hungry, now!" he said.

Lyra laughed softly, her eyes reflecting the happy, careless smile in his.

"You needn't be afraid," he said. "There's enough for three. It's wonderful what these cases hold."

Sandwiches are, as a rule, tasteless and deceptive fare, but on this lovely morning, in this pure and flower-scented air, with the stream making music, with the bright June sun smiling down from the blue sky, sandwiches took to themselves a new and delicious flavor, and seemed a banquet fit for the gods.

Dane dropped down beside her, and extended his long length on the velvety grass, and ate with the happiness and content of the Lotus-eater.

"I wish I'd brought some champagne," he murmured presently. "I could have put a small bottle in the basket easily enough. I'm an idiot!"

"Do you like it so much?" she said ingenuously. "I never tasted it."

"I wish I had brought some more than ever now! And oh, by George! I forgot to bring a glass! You won't mind drinking out of the cup at the bottom of the flask? Shall I put some water with the sherry?"

"I think I'll have plain water," she said. "I seldom or never drink wine."

"I don't think—mind, I am not sure—but I don't think you can moisten the fish properly with water; they prefer wine."

He half filled the cup of the flask with water, and filled it up with the sherry—not public-house sherry, but some from the famous Starminster cellars.

"It is very nice!" said Lyra. "But what are you going to drink out of?"

"Oh! the same cup will do," he said, as nonchalantly as he could. "I take my sherry neat."

He would not have washed the cup for words, and he tried to notice from which side she drank that he might drink from the same.

"Another sandwich? Why is it that one always enjoys one's grub—I beg your pardon! lunch—so much more in the open air than indoors?"

"I don't know!" said Lyra dreamily; "but who would not rather be out of doors than in on such a day as this? How you must enjoy fishing and eating your lunch like this! A little picnic all by yourself."

"Yes," he said, "sometimes. But sometimes it isn't so pleasant." He leant back on his elbow and looked up at her exquisite profile with a perfect contentment. "I remember once, when I was in the Rockies—the Rocky Mountains, in America—hunting for the grizzly bear, when I should much have preferred to have been indoors."

"Yes?" she said, looking down at him with a almost childlike eagerness in her eloquent eyes.

"Yes. It was a beast of a day: was snowing hard—had been snowing for weeks—months, I should think. I'd been out on the track since early morning, and in the middle of the day I thought I'd have a snack, as we are doing now. I'd got the same sandwich case and flask, by the way."

She glanced at them as if they had suddenly acquired a new interest in her eyes.

"I sat down in a kind of cave, just in the mouth of it, out of the snow, and was enjoying myself as much as a man can when he's bitterly cold and knows, by the best of all evidence, that he has got several pounds of snow down his neck, when I saw a shadow cross the mouth of the cave, and the next moment the owner of the shadow appeared. It was an Indian, and not one of a friendly tribe. In fact, as Artemus Ward says, 'Injuns,' whether friendly or not, 'are pizon.' This gentleman looked anything but pleasant, and he eyed my flask and sandwich box with an expression which plainly showed that he wouldn't mind adding them to his family plate. He'd got a rifle and a scalping knife, and——" he broke off as he saw her shudder. "My rifle lay near my hand, but I knew that if I reached out for it he would shoot me before I could raise it to my elbow, and so, though I should much have preferred putting a bullet through him, I made friendly signs to him and offered him a sandwich. Your true Indian of whatever tribe will eat anything; they mostly live on grasshoppers and dogs; dogs count as luxury. So he took all the sandwiches that remained—there was very little pride about him—and put the sandwich case in his pocket."

"Oh!"

"Yes, rough wasn't it? Then he pointed to the flask. I made signs to him to hold out his tin cup and I'd give him some, but he shook his head and pointed to the flask. Now I'd had that flask a long while—it was an old friend, and I don't hold with parting with a friend without a struggle. So I shook my head. He gave me a charming grunt and raised his gun, and I should have been an interesting corpse shortly afterwards, but at that moment—this is a true story, Miss Chester——"

"Oh yes, yes!" she breathed eagerly. "Please go on!"

"Well, at that moment we both heard a growl behind me, and out of the darkness of the cave came something that looked like a huge rusty mat on two legs, with another couple of legs pawing the air."

"The—the bear!" breathed Lyra.

"It was the bear, yes; and a remarkably fine and vicious one. I threw myself on my face, off went the gun, and I wondered whether I was shot or going to be clawed into small pieces, when looking up I saw the Indian on the ground and the bear on the top of him."

Lyra uttered a cry—only a woman can do it—a combination of horror and relief.

"I scrambled to my feet and snatched up my rifle, but the bear and the man were so beautifully mixed that I was afraid to fire for a moment or two, and, when I did, I missed with the first barrel; but the second I stretched the bear on the top of the man, as dead as a herring."

Lyra drew a breath of relief.

"That was returning good for evil," she said, and the quaver in her voice showed, though she smiled, how much the story had affected her. "How grateful and ashamed of himself he must have been!" she added.

"H-m. Well, that's the proper kind of ending to the adventure, I'm aware," said Dane with a laugh. "But to tell the truth it didn't finish up in that story-book kind of way. No; your Indian is never grateful and couldn't be ashamed if he tried. Directly he got up on his feet and found he wasn't dead, he remembered that he'd another charge in his gun and that it was a pity the flask shouldn't go with the sandwich box, so he aimed at me again. You can't believe it?"

He pulled up the sleeve of his Norfolk jacket and bared it, and Lyra saw a furrow drawn as if by a red pencil across the flesh.

"I put up my arm and caught it there instead of my head, and then I gently knocked him down with the butt end of my gun."

He laughed with lazy enjoyment of the reminiscence.

"Did—did it kill him?" inquired Lyra.

"For the sake of society I regret to say it didn't. He came to after a bit, and didn't seem at all offended. He helped me skin the bear and cook some of the ham, and was gracious enough to join me at dinner. We parted very good friends though he quite forgot to give me back the flask, and was walking off with it until I reminded him. But I beg your pardon! I'm like the fellow in Shakespeare who was so fond of bragging about his exploits. What was his name?—oh, Othello. He used to spin impossible and wonderful yarns to Desdemona."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES AS SPIES.—Society in Paris must be almost as exciting as a melodrama of diplomatic life. An official in the French Detective Department says that numbers of ladies well-known in Parisian society do not disdain to offer their services occasionally to the police on condition that they are paid. These are the "auxiliaries," but there are others who receive regular pay, varying from $100 to $250 a month, besides certain sums for which they have to give an account. These persons circulate among the guests at the houses of politicians and social leaders, and learn what they can. Those who are particularly well posted as to foreign politics receive higher salaries for their espionage than others. Knowledge is money in Paris.

## Bric-a-Brac.

FOOD.—Among the Chinese there is a curious belief that it is possible to economise in food by abstaining from muscular exertion. Thus when wages fall below a certain point, poor Chinamen prefer not to work, because they consider that they would have to take more food to repair the waste than the work done would produce.

OLD WEIGHT.—The British Museum has an ancient weight in the shape of a green diorite, about four inches high, carved in Mesopotamia in the year 605 B. C. It has a long inscription in Assyrian, which sets forth that it was made in the time of Nebuchadnezzar II, and is the exact copy of the legal weight. It is somewhat conical, with a flat bottom.

POPPIES.—In Turkey, if a man falls asleep in the neighborhood of poppy-field, and the wind blows from the field towards him, he becomes narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to a well or stream and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body.

ORNAMENTS.—The women of certain African tribes distort their countenances by thrusting pieces of wood and crystal into their upper lips. They begin with small pieces, and gradually increase the size until pieces of incredible dimensions are thus carried, and their lips are transformed beyond recognition. The muscles are so affected that when they smile the lip is drawn upwards almost to the eyes, producing an effect that is most horrible.

TIME.—A curious timekeeper is employed by some of the islanders of the South Pacific. The kernels of the nut of the candle-tree are used. These are washed and strung on the rib of a palm leaf. This is placed in a vertical position and the upper kernel is lighted. As all the kernels are of the same size and substance, each of them burns a certain number of minutes, and then sets fire to the kernel below. The natives tie bits of bark cloth along the string at irregular intervals so as to mark divisions of time.

SAVAN.—In Paris nothing is wasted, not the smallest scrap of paper; that which everyone else throws away there becomes a source of profit. Old provision tins, for instance, are full of money; the lead soldering is removed and melted down into cakes, and the tin goes to make children's toys. Old boots, however bad, always contain in the arch of the foot at least one sound piece that will serve again, and generally there are two or three others in the sole and the heel. Scraps of paper go to the cardboard factory, cigar ends to the snuff maker, and so on.

A STRANGE TREE.—A thread-and-needle tree is a step beyond the wax-tree in the way of convenience. It sounds like a fable, but the Mexican maguey-tree furnishes not only a needle and thread all ready for use, but many other conveniences. Just outside the door of a Mexican home the beautiful tree stands, loaded with "clustering pyramids of flowers towering above dark coronals of leaves," and at the tip of each dark green leaf is a slender thorn needle that must be drawn carefully from its sheath, at the same time slowly unwinding the thread, is a strong, smooth fibre attached to the needle, and capable of being drawn out to a great length.

SEA SERPENTS.—Sea serpent stories when told in good faith generally are attributed to hallucination, but the latest report that comes from Hammerfest, Norway, must be either a lie simple and wilful, or else something like the truth. The apparition is said to have taken place in July, but it is only now that the details have been collected from the fishing population who witnessed it. The serpents, for there were two of them, are declared to have lain off a fishing village for a whole day basking in the sun. One of them lay so close in that the fishermen dare not put out their boats. They estimated the length of the creature at 180 feet, and their description of its appearance coincides with that given by many earlier witnesses, including the officers of the British man-of-war Dædalus.

AN EYE WITH LEGS.—"Depend upon it, children," said the benignant old gentleman who was addressing the Sunday School, "we were fashioned by a wiser power than ourselves. There was no mistake made in putting us together. If our hands were placed where our feet are and our feet where our hands are, how could we get along? It would be exceedingly awkward, children; exceedingly awkward. I stretch my hand out this way. I move my fingers this. Now, what is this an evidence of, children?" There was no reply, and after waiting a moment the speaker answered the question himself. "It is an evidence of design. Don't forget that; children," he continued, impressively. It is an evidence of design. Suppose, for instance, my eye, instead of having lids and lashes, had legs. Suppose my eye had legs. How could I use them?" "You could use them in running your eye over the congregation, couldn't you?" replied a deeply interested little boy near the door.

## THE MORNING.

BY C. A. B.

Light as a dream lay the mists on the lake: on the meadows,
Too, as the dream of a dream, and the wide brooding shadows
Were sombre and still as the thought of a far-away sorrow,
That tempers the hope of the soul for the joy of the morrow;
While down the long sweep of the fields, with dew all a-glisten,
Ran a long lance of light, like the path of an angel. And listen!
A voice on the silence of morning its innocent rapture proclaiming,
As fearless and clear as the fire of its bosom is flaming—
"There are mists! there are shadows! but far through the shadow is lying
The path of the angel. Oh, beauty! oh, rapture undying!"
Said the voice of the morning.

# A WIFE'S PERIL

—OR—

## THE PRICE OF HER SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

### CHAPTER LI.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

"IT was quite useless," Archie Douglas continued, "for me to attempt to visit the house as Hester Blair's friend—she would have none of me; but her husband had a great partiality for me. You will say that I am a cold-blooded villain. It is true that I am, or rather, I was. I cultivated the friendship of the husband entirely for the sake of seeing the wife, not that she ever cared to see me—fair, proud Hester!

"The time came when I was her husband's most intimate friend, when I went to the house as I liked, and he was always pleased to see me. She was always the same—proud and cold; she seldom saw me; she did not spend much time with her husband. I—well, it seems a foolish thing to say for a dying man—but I worshipped her. I was less than nothing to her, I know; her proud, sweet eyes never rested on me. Angus Blair had several friends—there were Sir John Hart, Captain James; also Sir Alan Fletcher, and rumor said that the beautiful young wife loved him. She did not, I could swear to that; she loved no one; her heart was virgin snow. She did not love her husband; they lived very unhappily together. She had been forced to marry him, and he was old enough to have been her father; I do not think there was a question of love between them at all.

"I have only this to say, that as the days passed, the poison and madness of love filled my veins and drove me mad. I am not the only man in the world whom love has driven mad. Others went mad too for love of the beautiful face of Hester Blair.

"I do not know how the temptation first came to me, but it did come, that if she were free, if her husband were dead, that I might win her for myself. I was young, handsome—people called me handsome Archie Douglass in those days—I was rich too, and I had a good position. I argued with myself that if she were free these advantages without influence her. I can not tell you the whirl, the tempest of passion in which I lived. I knew she did not love him, yet I could not bear to see her with him."

He looked suddenly up into the face, the listening, intent, eager face of Monica Grey.

"Do you know," he asked, "what it is to be possessed of the devil? That is what I was. I hated any kind word or look that passed between husband and wife. I hated the husband; I loved the wife. I wanted the husband dead that I might win the wife. Wicked! Yes, I know it was more than wicked, but it is true. I took the hand of Angus Graham Blair; I sat at his table; I eat of his bread, and drank his wine. Yet all the time I was wishing him dead. The degrees in sin are not very far apart. From wishing him dead I began to think how I could kill him.

"I thought and studied, planned and brooded. I sat at his table and called him friend, while I was thinking all the time how I could killed him without being found out.

"I thought of shooting him, of finding him in his own grounds in some secluded spot, shooting him and leaving him dead, but then there was the risk that the shots might be heard. I thought I could plunge a dagger in his heart, but there was the fear that he would struggle and wrestle. But he must die—he must die. Why should he have Hester when Hester did not care for him, and I worshipped her?

"You can not think that one man could take another by the hand, call him friend, and seek his life—yet I did. I can not remember how it was that poison first entered my mind, but it did, and it seemed the very thing above all others—no noise, no fear of detection—the very thing."

There was a slight stir in the room, for the tall, silent figure had suddenly swayed to and fro. Monica Grey hastened to her aid, but she waved her away with an imploring gesture, and knelt down at the foot of the bed.

"You will hardly believe me," continued Archie Douglas, "that for weeks together I carried poison about with me—arsenic—and I went the whole way from Ardrossan to London to purchase it. I never thought of the crime, the sin, the horror; my whole ideas were centered on that point—when I could give it to him? A dozen times and more I had taken the little packet from my pocket, and was on the point of using it, when some sudden sound, some sudden stir would interrupt and startle me.

"There came at last the time. One beautiful evening in May there was a dinner-party at Colde Fell, and I was one of the guests. I remember the May evening, the scent of lilacs in the air and the hawthorn that grew on the hedges.

"I remember how beautiful Hester looked; how I worshipped her more than ever, how I wished more than ever that he were dead.

"She seemed very unhappy that evening. I heard afterward that she had had some words over this dinner-party. They did not speak to each other; no one seemed to notice that but me; no one loved her as I did. How clearly and vividly all the details of that evening rise before me! Ah! what is that?"

For something like a smothered wail sounded in the room.

"It is nothing," said Monica Grey—"nothing. Go on!"

"I remember the dinner, where every one laughed and talked except me, and I watched the beautiful, sad face of Hester Blair, with a mad passionate longing that I might clasp her to my heart and comfort her—a longing that he were dead and she were free.

"After dinner, as was usual there, we went into the drawing-room and coffee was brought in; a silver tray, a beautiful, old-fashioned silver service, and delicate china. Hester Blair sat at the table, and poured out the coffee herself. Sir Alan Fletcher had gone to the piano; he was singing. Mr. Blair, Sir John Hart, and Captain James had gone into the conservatory. Ah, me! How well I remember it. Sir Alan would not take coffee. I watched Hester Blair as she poured it out, thinking how white her hands were, and how fair her face.

"She carried a cup of coffee into the conservatory for Sir John. She had given me one previously. I placed my cup on the mantel-piece and stood drinking the coffee. I knew, although she had not spoken to her husband, she would take him his coffee. Now was my time. In one moment I had laid my plan, and resolved to run the risk. In one moment, while she was placing a cup by the side of Sir John, while Sir Alan's eyes were fixed on the piano, while I seemed to be toying with my teaspoon, I managed to put a minute quantity of arsenic in one cup.

"It was a risk; but I was on my guard; my eyes never left it; two other cups stood empty on the tray. It was just a chance which one she selected. If she had taken one of the empty cups I would have taken the poisoned one and got rid of the contents. If by any ill-luck she had poured out coffee for herself in the poisoned cup, I should have made some excuse for snatching it from her hands, and letting it fall on the ground. Every detail was arranged in my mind. Outwardly I stood there calm, unobservant, and seemingly uninterested; in my heart raged the fire of hell—the fire of hate and of love.

"I did not move or stir; I stood against the mantel-piece, and I could see every movement of hers. She placed the cup of coffee by the side of Sir John Hart; I saw her look at her husband and he looked at her. Then she came slowly up to the table, and stood for one minute in silence. I watched her with such keen, intent eagerness that my soul seemed to have passed into my eyes. I was ready—every nerve on the alert—ready to turn and take the cup from her hands if she used it for any other purpose. My heart beat, my eyes were balls of fire then, and I could have cried aloud as she did it. She took the silver coffee-pot in her hands; three cups stood before her, two quite empty, the third containing poison; which would she take? In that one moment of hesitation I lived an age. My heart gave one tremendous beat when I saw her pour out the coffee into the poisoned cup.

"She filled it, and I saw her carry it into the conservatory and set it down by her husband's side. I kept my place, watching everything through the looking-glass. Hester Blair came back, and after a few minutes left the room. I saw her husband raise the poisoned cup to his lips, and I knew that my evil deed was done.

"How can I tell you what followed? That cruel murder was bad enough—that which came after was worse. It was not long before the pains of death seized Angus Graham Blair; his cries were terrible—I hear them now. Every one was alarmed, anxious; he was carried to his room, and it was apparent that he was dying. Two doctors, who happened to be fortunately passing near, were brought in and their immediate opinion was given—he had been poisoned by arsenic. He lay, poor fellow, crying out with his terrible pains, and I, who had slain him, stood by his side and seemed sorry for him.

"But I had no idea of what was to come. If I had had, I should have died there and then."

He paused for one moment, but nothing broke the silence of the room.

### CHAPTER LII.

AT SIX IN THE MORNING

I NEVER dreamed of what was going to happen; as I said before, if I had known, I should have died there and then. No one had thought of Mrs. Blair, so great had been the confusion and dismay. Suddenly she entered the room. I heard afterward that she knew nothing of what had happened until her maid went in search of her.

"She came quite suddenly into the room, looking white and scared; she was hastening to the bedside with outstretched arms when the dying man raised himself suddenly and glared at her. Oh, Heaven! when shall I forget that horrible face? His eyes were like two fires; he raised his right hand and pointed at her with his forefinger. 'You did it!' he cried. 'I am dying, poisoned like a rat in a hole—and you did it!' Every one fell back from her in horror and dismay.

"'You brought me a cup of coffee into the conservatory,' he said, 'and that has killed me.' Some one, I think it was Captain Jones, cried that those words were enough to hang any one. My first impulse was to cry out that she was quite innocent! That it was I who had done it! My second was to keep silent, and see what would come of it. This very accusation might be the means of bringing her so far into my power that I might ultimately win her.

"I never thought of danger," he continued, "my only idea then was that if she found herself in danger, she might cling to me as her friend. I thought there might be some little difficulty, some disagreeables; and then she would be free and inclined to listen to me; but to my horror she was apprehended. Even then, villain and monster that I was, I said nothing.

"The strangest part of the matter was that arsenic was found in Hester Blair's dressing-case in a private drawer—a little packet from which a small portion had been taken.

"Dying as you say I am, you must hate me! Heaven itself must hate me, when I own that I allowed that innocent woman to be imprisoned on the charge of the murder of the man whom I had slain.

"You could not hate me more than I hate myself. I saw her—she whom I knew to be as innocent as an angel—I saw her tried for her life; I saw her, beautiful and innocent as I knew her to be, stand there the center of hungry eyes. I saw her white, scared face and weeping eyes; I saw her fear, her terror, and her despair; still I did not speak. I knew that her name was upon the lips of every man; that she was the object of execration and scorn; still I never spoke.

"Yet I would not have seen her die. I sat in court the whole time the trial lasted; my eyes never left her. I listened to every word, and I swear, that if the verdict against her had been 'Guilty,' I would have told the truth, and should have been hanged for it. I would not have let her die. My life trembled in the balance. She should have died, that sweet and beautiful Hester Blair.

"The verdict was 'Not proven.' She was saved and I was saved. I do not attempt to tell you what I suffered. I know how justly I was punished; I know that it served me right; but only Heaven knows how I suffered, or how terrible was my anguish.

"'Not proven!' She was free. There was little comfort in the freedom for the world believed her guilty—her husband had died accusing her, and arsenic had been found in her dressing-case—no one thought her innocent. As I had found my time before, I found my opportunity now. I went straight to her and asked her to marry me. I thought that she would be overcome by my magnanimity, my generosity, my desire to screen her from the world, my wish to make her sorrows and her burdens my own. I thought all this would touch her, and it did.

"But she would not marry me. She was kind, gentle, and gracious as she had never been to me before. I had sinned in vain. I did not lose hope, though; I swore that I would win her yet—that I would keep out of her presence for a few days, and then renew my attempt. I never saw her again! She left Ardrossan at once. The next thing I heard of her was that she had sailed for America, under the name of Annie Malcolm, in a steamer called 'The City of Pearl,' and the next that she was drowned when the boat was lost at sea. Did ever man sin so terribly and utterly in vain?

"She left no farewell for the man who had risked his soul and slain his best friend for love of her; but she never cared for me. I never heard more of her. I think—looking back—that had she lived, sooner or later I should have confessed, for the weight was intolerable to me—sooner or later; but now that she was dead, it mattered little.

"It is of no use trying to tell you my anguish of mind. I have not lived since Hester Blair died. You talk to me of hope and of Heaven—what hope have I? How can I go to Heaven? Hester Blair must be there; she died an innocent martyr; how could I meet her? There is no hope, no heaven for me! You have not heard the worst yet," he continued. "Angus Blair comes to me! In the middle of the brightest day, in the midst of the darkest night, he comes, and cries out to me to do justice to his wife. Sleeping or waking—it matters little to him—he stands before me with the same face he wore when he lay dying, and he says:

"'I accused her falsely—do her justice!'"

"These are but fancies," said Mr. Eustace, gently; "wild, idle fancies."

"You may think so," said Archie Douglas, "but I know. I can not tell what those we have known in this world may have power to do to us in the next; but if I have to die, I should be afraid to meet Graham Blair without having told the truth. I have told it now, and I shall not fear. Hester Blair's memory must be cleared."

The three who had listened with such different emotions to the story were silent for some few minutes after it was ended. Sister Teresa still knelt at the foot of the bed, and Monica Grey went up to her. She bent over her and laid one arm round her neck.

"My dear," she said, gently, "Heaven has spoken at last!"

And the beautiful face raised to hers was full of reverence and light.

"It is so wonderful," she said; "I can hardly believe that is true."

"I always felt that the truth must be known some day," said Monica Grey, "and now the day has come."

"I suppose," said Archie Douglas, looking into the Rector's distressed face, "you consider mine a bad case?"

"I have never heard of a worse crime," he said, sadly. "It holds every element of human crime; wrongful love, insane jealousy, terrible hate, murder, and what is more, allowing an innocent lady to suffer for your sin. Nothing could be worse than your crime."

"Yes, it does not sound well. But now you must help me. Hester Blair's memory must be cleared. It does not matter about mine; let hers be cleared. Let the story be written down, I do not care who knows it now. Let it be signed by me—the man who committed the crime—by you who have listened to it. Then let it go forward to the world; let it be published in every paper, in every journal; let every one know it. You," he added, speaking to Mr. Eustace, "you will see to this?"

"I will see to it at once," was the reply.

And in a short time the deposition of the dying man was taken down. It was signed by himself, by the Rev. John Eustace, and

by the superioress of the Sisters of Peace. Then Archie Douglas placed the paper in the rector's hands.

"I intrust it to you," he said; "send it all over the world; wherever she was judged guilty, let her innocence be made known."

And the woman whose life he had branded, held the lamp while he wrote his name.

"You may go, Sister Teresa," said the superioress. "I will remain here."

She knew how terrible it would be to her to see that man die.

And at six of the morning, when the sun rose and the birds began to sing, he died.

## CHAPTER LIII.

"SINGULAR CONFESSION OF A MURDERER."

"SINGULAR Confession of a Murderer!" was the heading of the sensational paragraph that was inserted in all the newspapers in England, and the paragraph ran thus:

"Our readers will remembers some years ago a remarkable criminal case that was known as the 'Mystery of Colde Fell,' where a young and beautiful lady, Hester Blair, was charged with the wilful murder by poison of her husband, Augue Graham Blair. It will be remembered that the evidence was entirely against the prisoner. There is no need to repeat the details, which must be fresh in the minds of all our readers, for a more extraordinary case was never heard. The evidence was against the prisoner, but the verdict given was 'Not proven,' a verdict that gave great dissatisfaction. Either Mrs. Blair was guilty of the murder, or she was perfectly innocent; in the one case she should have been found guilty and punished, in the other she should have been acquitted. Despite the verdict of 'Not proven,' every one believed Mrs. Blair guilty of the crime laid to her charge.

"Soon after the trial the unfortunate lady, under the assumed name of Annie Malcolm, set sail for America in a steamer called 'The City of Pearl.' Our readers will remember that the ship was lost, with all on board; and there were some who went so far as to say that the loss of the ship was a judgment from Heaven on the hapless lady who was one of its passengers.

"People said that the judgment which men had shrunk from passing had been passed by Heaven. So the guilt of Hester Blair was fully believed in, and the 'Mystery of Colde Fell' has always been quoted as one of the worst cases of secret poisoning known in modern days.

"It is more than seven years since the trial and the death of the unhappy heroine, and now a strange secret comes to light: Hester Blair was innocent! She knew no more of the crime than did the judge who tried the case. The real criminal was a friend of Mr. Blair's, a captain Archibald Douglas, who poisoned the husband because he, Captain Douglas, was in love with the wife, but she, to do her justice, did not even like him.

"Captain Douglas, who was a gentleman of good position and good fortune, met with an accident, which ended fatally. He was taken to the well-known hospital under the charge of the Sisters of Peace: there he made a full confession of his crime and he left as a sacred duty to the Reverend John Eustace, the charge of clearing the memory of Hester Blair. Hester Blair is dead, and this act of reparation comes all too late. Hester Blair was the victim of circumstantial evidence. It is terrible to think of what this young, beautiful, and innocent woman must have suffered. Captain Douglas made a full confession, and prayed with all the energy of a dying man that full justice should be done to the memory of the martyred Hester Blair.

"In this good work we help as far as we can: throughout the whole land, throughout the whole world which once believed in her guilt, we proclaim the fair fame and spotless innocence of Hester Blair!"

Words that were read by many with tears. Among others, Lord Arden read them, and he was stricken dumb. She was innocent, then, after all, this beautiful wife of his! Guilty of much—guilty of treachery toward him, guilty of concealment, but innocent of the crime of which he had judged her guilty. What she must have suffered! Young, beautiful, gentle, refined: what torture of mind and body she must have undergone!

Was she so very guilty, after all, that she had tried to secure some happiness for herself after all her hardships and sufferings! His heart melted with him as he thought of her. She was innocent, while he had judged her guilty; she had suffered as few women had ever done; and she had embraced it. Was she so much to blame after all?

"She should have told me," he cried; but then his conscience reproached him; he would have left her, he would not have married her.

Poor, beautiful Hester; queenly, regal Hester; innocent after all! How unjust, how cruel he had been, and now, even as it was too late to repair the injustice done to Hester Blair, so it was too late for him to undo what he had done to her.

His life, since the tragic discovery, had been one of the most wretched. Not exactly that he repented of what he had done, he could never have lived with her after that, believing as he did that she was guilty; but he said to himself he might have been kinder; he might have been less abrupt, less bitter; but then he believed her to be a murderess.

It was too late now to undo what he had done, yet he regretted it with a passionate regret; he had never known a moment's happiness since; he had never rested by day or slept by night; life had lost all its savor. He gave up the world, he neither visited nor received visitors; no one knew why Lady Arden had gone away, and no one dare ask. It was understood that her health was delicate and that she was residing in Italy.

Lord Arden neither denied nor affirmed these rumors.

The world saw but little of him. He shut himself up with his bitter-sweet memories of his blue-eyed, queenly Hester. The world was nothing to him without her, and he had sent her from him. It was long before he got over his surprise and dismay. If the ground had given way under his feet, if the heavens had fallen upon him, he could not have been more astonished than he had been at those dire revelations. He had never recovered the shock, and he felt now that he never should recover it. Then to his bewilderment he read in every paper that he touched the astounding revelations of the guilt of Captain Archibald Douglas, and the innocence of Hester Blair!

Published to the world; her fair fame and her complete innocence, while the whole world believed her dead; only two people knew her secret, himself and that thrice-accursed man.

He thought over it, and brooded over it by night and by day. Hester Blair was innocent! She had suffered the tortures of the guilty. She had been imprisoned, tried, slandered, calumniated, his beautiful Hester! She had trembled under the fear of death. She had gone through the very bitterness of death; and all the time she was innocent. What a cruel fate—how cruel life had been to her. What had the innocent, happy child, who loved best to play on the hill-sides, done, that the shadow of crime and death should darken her innocent life?

She had had no happiness until she loved him. She had known no gleam of sunlight in her darkened life until she met him; and all her love, her happiness had ended in that tragic fashion.

The beautiful imploring face of Hester, as he had seen it last, haunted him. Had he known that she was innocent he would not have left her lying there.

When he could no longer bear his memories and thoughts, he decided on going to the hospital. He would like to see the clergyman to whom Captain Douglas had made these depositions, and the sisters who had been present.

He went. He saw the Reverend John Eustace and talked long to him.

He did not say what took him there, but he besought him to repeat every word that he had heard, and the clergyman did so.

He repeated every word, and at times tears came into his eyes.

"I felt so sorry for the girl whom he called Hester Blair."

"And from what he said, did you believe the girl to be innocent?" asked Lord Arden.

"Most certainly," was the earnest reply. "I saw nothing in the evidence against her that proved her guilt. To my mind she died a martyr, a victim to appearances. My regret is that her justification comes too late. She has been dead for years, and died with a stain of crime upon her. Her justification comes too late. The world would have made a great heroine of her if she had been living."

Lord Arden's first impulse was to cry out that she was living; then he remembered that to all intents and purposes Hester Blair was dead.

"I should like to see the sisters who were with that wretched man when he died," said Lord Arden.

"The superioress will be pleased to see you," answered Mr. Eustace. "I would go with you to the convent myself, but I have so many engagements this morning," and Mr. Eustace hurried away, wondering what the Earl of Arden had to do with Captain Douglas.

"Perhaps related," he thought to himself, "but even then it is no business of mine."

Lord Arden went on to the convent; he wished to see the sisters: he knew how often it happened that women remembered small details that never struck men.

He wanted to hear the details; he was hungry and thirsty for news. As he walked from the hospital to the convent his own words had suddenly recurred to him—

"If you could bring the proofs of your innocence in your hands, I might forgive you."

He sat in the pretty square parlor, where his wife had sat and wept while she told her story to Monica Grey. Even in the bitterness of his trouble he could not help smiling; it seemed so strange for him to be in a convent parlor.

His heart felt stronger when he saw the noble face of Monica Grey.

"A woman to be trusted, even unto death?" he said.

He bowed low when he gave her his card. To his astonishment, when she read the name, she started, and drew back.

"Lord Arden!" she cried.

"At your service, madame," he answered. "I have called to ask you a few questions about that unhappy man who died at the hospital a few days ago." And his wonder deepened as she grew pale and looked at him with eyes that were dim with tears.

## CHAPTER LIV.

IN THE CONVENT PARLOR.

"HAVE I distressed or disturbed you, madame?" asked Lord Arden, wonderingly. "Perhaps my visit is an inconvenience to you? Shall I go away and call at another time?"

"No," replied Monica Grey. "I shall be pleased to give you as much as you require of my time now."

Still he saw she was under the influence of great emotion which he could not at all understand. She was a perfect stranger to him; he could not understand it.

"I have been to see Mr. Eustace," he continued, "and he assured me that you would not look on my visit as an intrusion; but would kindly give me all the details—the minute details of the story told by that most unhappy man."

"I will do so with pleasure," replied Monica Grey; and she proceeded to relate the story as he had given it.

Still he could not understand her emotion. It was a most pathetic story, that of beautiful Hester Blair; the hapless child who had been bought and sold, the hapless girl who had known no love and no happiness until she had known him.

Listening to the story from the lips of a refined and sympathetic woman, how sad and full of pathos it was: how differently shone the memory of Hester Blair. Hester Blair was not a murderess, but a martyr. The halo of innocency, of sanctity, of patient resignation, was round her. Evidently, in the eyes of the woman who spoke, Hester Blair was a saint; and he had always thought of her as a murderess. A pathetic story, it was true; but why need this noble, steadfast-looking woman be so greatly agitated over it? If he had been less absorbed, he must have remarked that Monica Grey never spoke of Hester Blair as dead. Then he asked her the same question which he had asked Mr. Eustace.

"Would anything have made you believe in her guilt, even had you never heard his confession?"

"Nothing," she answered, gravely, "would ever have made me believe in the guilt of Hester Blair."

How it rebuked him who had been so ready to believe in her guilt.

"I have told you," she said, slowly, "all the details that I remember. Sister Teresa, who was with me at the time, knows more. Shall I send her to you?"

"If you will be so kind," he answered.

She found Sister Teresa, with a strange, sweet calm on her face, busy among the children. The wistfulness of her eyes and the tremor of her lips might have betrayed her.

"Sister Teresa," she said, "will you go to the parlor; some one there wishes to see you about the hospital, or rather, about some one who was there."

Quite unsuspectingly she went.

"Hester! Great Heaven! Is it you?" And the wonder was, that at the sound of his voice she did not fall on her face, dead.

"Is it you?" he continued. "Is it my wife, Alice—Hester Blair?"

"Yes," she replied, calmly. "I am that most unhappy of women."

"You sought refuge here?" he cried.

"Yes, here, the truest haven of rest."

"You have lived here as a sister since you left me?"

"Since you sent me away," she said, gently, and the next moment he was kneeling at her feet.

"It is to beg pardon now," he cried. "It is I who must beg your pardon, humbly, and in tears. Oh, Alice—you will be Alice to me for evermore—will you forgive me?"

"You were so cruel to me," she answered, "you would not listen."

"I know, but I was beside myself with rage and pain, but the pity of it has come home to me now, and the thought of all that you—so young, so fair, so tender—have suffered stabs my heart. Alice, my own, by the love you once bore me, by my own great love for you, hear me and yield to me; forget all this dark and terrible past; come back to me, and I will make your future as happy as your past has been wretched."

"You said that if I came back to you with the proof of my innocence, you might forgive much, and those proofs were on the lips of a dying man."

"My dear, I have nothing to forgive, except that you concealed your story from me. You had become a martyr in my eyes, you are a saint now; come back to me."

"Do you really wish it and mean it?" she asked.

"If you do not come with me, I shall stay with you, Alice. Now that I have found, I will never leave you. My darling, you are still young. You are in my eyes more beautiful than ever. You have yet, I pray Heaven, the whole of a long life before you. Come to me, and let me make you happy, beloved. You could be happy now, for there are secrets between us. Come to me, Alice."

A deep peace came over her beautiful face as she listened, and the shadow of a patient pain fell off for evermore. Glad, sweet content filled eyes that had shed so many tears.

"No," she said, gently; "there is nothing between us now."

Then she raised her face to his with a smile that was half divine.

"I am happy," she said, "but I am not sure about going back with you. You see, mine was a blighted life."

"But the blight has gone," he cried.

"I do not know. I can not tell," she replied, dreamily. "I am glad, with an almost divine gladness, that you have forgiven me, that you love still, that you want me near you; but I am not sure. Oh, love, I am not sure! It is so long since I left that brilliant world; and I have suffered so much! I have seen so much sorrow and pain! I have thought so much of death and of heaven! I do not know whether I should be fit for the old life again!"

He drew her gently to him; he kissed the white hands that had soothed so many. He kissed the white brow, the white eyelids, and the perfect lips.

"My wife—my beloved!" he said. "You must come. I claim you by every right—your vows, your allegiance, your loyalty belong to me first by right. Oh, Alice! say yes. I woo you as I wooed you by the orange-trees in France, but I love you a thousand times more now than I did then. Come back to me, Alice!"

She looked at him with smiles, blushes and tears.

"It would seem so strange," she said, "to go away with you—to leave a convent for a palace. Oh, Leo! you have found me—you have made me happy. Give me a few days to think it over, just a few days."

But she could not hide the happy love that filled her heart and shone in her beautiful face.

"I will come back in a few days," he said.

But that night, when Lady Arden spoke to the superioress, that noble and sensible lady said:

"My dear, the Convent of Peace is not the refuge for happy wives. Write to your husband and tell him to fetch you away at once;" and Lord Arden was only too happy to do so.

* * * * * *

The world was delighted to receive the beautiful and accomplished Lady Arden back. Where had she been so long? She was lovelier than ever, and more charming—a certain serenity and beautiful peace that she had lacked before.

No husband could have been more devoted to his wife than was Lord Arden. He was still her lover; he did everything in his power to make her happy; he surrounded her with loving observances.

There was one solemn compact made between them—the name of Hester Blair was never mentioned. On the morning after she joined him, Lord Arden said to her:

"Alice, we had better make a compact," he said. "Let us bury the past—bury it right out of sight."

"I will gladly do so," she answered.

"Let us for the last time utter the name of Colde Fell. Say after me, 'Good-bye to Colde Fell and its mystery.'"

"Good-bye to Colde Fell and its mystery!" said Alice Lady Arden.

"Say 'Good-bye to 'Hester Blair!'" he continued.

She wept passionate, bitter tears, as the whole picture of her life seemed to rise before her.

"Good-bye, Hester Blair!" she said; and the name was never mentioned again.

Fair children grew round her; the highest gifts of this world were lavished upon her: but to this day Lady Arden wonders why she suffered so long and so keenly. She is content to wait, knowing that the time will come when she will fully understand.

[THE END.]

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He certainly wasn't handsome, but he had a loving heart. He bought his adored one a present of a pug that broke down all the usual standards of ugliness and set up one of its own. The gift went right to the affections of the gushing maiden. "Oh, thank you, James, thank you," she warbled. "It's just like you, so it is."

## UNFORGOTTEN.

BY M. B.

Forget you, dear?
God knows how, in the silence of the night,
Forgetful of how very tired I am,
I think of you, till, like a soothing balm,
Sleep, dropping on my lids, puts thought to flight!

Forget you, dear?
God knows I have no longer any choice!
Love' seals is set upon me, nor can I
With placid beating heart again deny
The mastery and the magic of his voice!

Forget you, dear?
God knows I would not, if I could forget,
For sweeter far to me has been the pain
Of love unsatisfied than all the vain
And ill-spent years I lived before we met!

Forget you, dear?
God knows if I were lying dead to-day,
To ashes turned in a forgotten grave,
And to my dust He mercifully gave
The power to speak one word, your name I'd say!

# The Sultan's Egg.

BY J. A. B.

[Continued from last week.]

I HAD imagined that there would have been no trouble about getting a diver amongst the natives, who are almost born in the water. But I was mistaken. When they heard the depth and the position, not one of them volunteered, although I offered an exorbitant price. Finally, tired of arguing with them, I did what I ought to have thought of before—I went to the captain of the Cordelia sloop-of-war, to whom, amongst others, I had reported the discovery of the reef. To him I told the whole story, and he became interested.

"I can't go with you," he said; "I wish I could. But we've been ordered up to Canton on special duty. The natives would have been useless at such a depth, even if you had persuaded them to go. Can't do anything, you see, without the dress in that water. However, I'll lend you a capital diver and all the paraphernalia. We have a couple of turn-outs here, as it happens. In return, you can buoy the reef for me. I shall go there and have a look at it directly I come back. Word has already been sent to Anjer, so there is no present danger to the incoming shipping. You say you have a boat. Well, get her alongside in the morning, and we'll fix the pumps and things for you."

Had there been only ourselves, I should have made shift with the Daphne's long-boat; but, knowing that it would be useless to think of leaving Nora behind when bound on such an expedition, I hired a good-sized cutter with a comfortable cabin, which I was lucky enough to drop across laid up in the harbor.

I took with me the second-mate and four A. B.s, in addition to diver Williams, of the Cordelia, whose kind captain wished us all sorts of good fortune as, next morning, she steamed away from us round Cape Romania into the China Sea.

We had a quick run down to the Strait, and, on the second night, were all camped comfortably on the sandy beach, with the cutter moored snugly alongside a little natural pier of rock. Next morning, a most unlucky accident happened. Williams, espying a couple of wild pigs, and, sailor-like, starting full tear after them, slipped and fell on the rocks, breaking his arm just above the wrist.

Fortunately, the second-mate was a capital bone-setter, and soon had the limb fixed up again. But, apparently, we might as well have stayed in Singapore as be where we were with our crippled diver. Of course his advice would still be very valuable; but in diving—as some of us presently discovered—an ounce of practice below is worth a ton of advice given from above. However, under Williams' instructions, we commenced to sweep for the wreck out of the cutter's boat.

We tried the reef-side of the islet first, and worked the whole day, Nora following us on foot along its rocky shore. We had no success; and as this was the part in which we might reasonably have expected to find some traces, I retired that night pretty certain that ours was a wildgoose chase. But Williams, who—barring that propensity to race after things—turned out a most intelligent fellow, was not a bit discouraged. He took no more notice of the pain he must have suffered than of a mosquito bite, and insisted on using his sound limb at every opportunity.

"Lor bless you, sir," he said, "I've been down to wrecks—ships as 'ave been seen to sink—an' not found 'em within half a mile of the spot. There's all sorts o' strong currents an' ripe below there, as keeps movin' 'em bodily in course o' time. Why, she might be half-ways across the Strait by this."

But on the morrow, still sweeping near the reef, only farther out, our drag suddenly held fast—caught so tightly that all our strength barely sufficed to bring it up. With it came a broken spar—a piece of a royal-yard, to which hung a lump of canvas.

"That is her!" cries Williams. "What water? Twenty-five fathom—it's deepish! She's upright, I reckon, or near it, an' if her top spars 'ud been standin', their trucks wouldn't be so very far off this boat's bottom."

Now, getting the cutter out, we dropped a grapnel, and, after some fishing, it hooked firmly, so that we couldn't move it even with the winch. This was the line that, but for the accident, Williams would have descended by.

The question now was, who would take his place? Not a soul of us had the least experience, and we eyed the dress, boots, helmet, back and front weights, pipe, and all the rest of the outfit, doubtfully. Everything was ready. But, notwithstanding Williams' earnest explanations and assurances, there were no volunteers. It takes pretty strong nerves to imagine one's self pottering about at the bottom of one hundred and fifty feet of salt water amongst dead men's bones, sharks, devil-fish, and all sorts of outlandish things, in such a grotesque rig. Nor does it increase one's confidence to know that, if something goes wrong with the pipe amongst rocks or splintered wreckage, one's time in this life is strictly limited to a minute and a half with perhaps a few odd seconds thrown in.

Nora stood by, pale and anxious, but saying nothing.

At last, the second-mate, a very plucky, strong, young fellow, said that he would try. We get him dressed, put the helmet on; the men at the pumps started the air, then the face-glass was screwed up, and down the ladder he stepped cautiously. When the water rose to his neck, he stopped, still grasping the ladder and guide-rope; then he signalled to be pulled up.

We thought he was ill; but it was only fright. He was pale as a sheet and trembling all over. Nor would he venture more. There was nothing for it, I saw, but to try myself. I didn't like it; but the sight of poor Nora's disappointment gave me courage. For a few minutes I hung on to the ladder irresolutely, more than half-minded to give the signal; then, happening to look up, I caught a glimpse of a white, anxious face gazing eagerly over the rail, and I let go.

Physical pain was the first sensation, on recovering from my fright at feeling myself swooping so swiftly down through the thick, opaque greenness. My ears felt as if they were being pierced by red-hot needles, and my head as if it would burst. I was dropping at a good rate, clutching the guide-rope, but it seemed an age before my feet touched bottom.

I fell on my knees, and then scrambling up again, gazed curiously around. All pain was gone, and had it not been so, the scene around me was strange enough to banish all thoughts of any.

I stood on the poop-deck of a large vessel, but for a slight list to port, nearly upright. Our grapnel had hooked firmly around the spindles of the wheel, which latter was sound and intact as on the day it was put there. Her main and mizzen, lower and top masts were still in their places, with their yards hanging at all angles.

Giant seaweeds, whose tendrils and flags drooped in thick masses, grew luxuriantly everywhere aloft, whilst amidst these submarine groves flitted thousands of rainbow-hued fishes. A dim, green light—in which, for a limited distance, I could see distinctly enough—pervaded everything. Suddenly I felt a sharp twitch on the life-line; this was Williams signalling to know if I was safe. Duly replying, as agreed upon, I walked to the side and looked over into a clump of huge sponges growing almost to a level with the rail. Putting out my hands to a white object that caught my eye amongst them, I grasped a human skull. Ugh! I had had quite enough for a first attempt, and giving a couple of tugs on the line, was soon at the surface again.

Heaven! what a relief it was to have that face-glass unscrewed and drink in great draughts of pure air! Nora screamed when she saw the blood oozing plentifully from nose and ears as they removed the helmet, and prayed me to abandon all thoughts of returning. But Williams explained that this was invariably one of the effects of a first descent, and congratulated me upon my success.

I found that whilst I had been below, some of them had been busy getting an anchor out to wind'ard, and so steadying the cutter that she was, what with the grapnel and it, practically immovable.

"Be careful, sir," whispered Williams, as I prepared for another expedition, "if you're a-goin' into the cabins, as you doesn't get the pipe jammed amongst luggage or such-like. If the life-line's foul an' you can't clear it, out an' we'll send down another."

So, presently, down I went again, but not so straightly this time. For some reason or other, the guide-line sagged, and I hit first the gaff, then the spanker-boom, but, rebounding like a cork, was soon upon deck. Williams was "tending," as he called it; and answering his signal, I walked to the break of the poop and tried to take in the scene. But my range of vision was too short to see for'ard of the main-mast.

I could see the wreathed masts rising through the dull green into masses of wreckage above; but not until I got on to the main-deck, nearly waist-high in ocean foliage, could I recognize the outline of the long-boat on the main-hatchway, the galley, and the two other houses. Everything above the foretop was gone, and hanging in a lump. Close on my starboard had risen a great gray wall, which at first puzzled me, until I remembered the reef.

Doubtless, the ship had struck it first end-on, and then gradually shifted into her present position. As yet, although tolerably certain that this lost vessel really was the Wrekin, I wished to make quite sure, so turned to the front of the poop, where, I knew, should be inscribed in raised letters, "The Sea is His, and He made it." Like all the rest of her, this part was covered with trailing seaweeds and star and jelly fish; but after working away for a while, I felt the first two words, and was quite satisfied.

I stood against the quarter deck capstan some considerable time, calling up all my courage, for I hated to enter into the blackness of the saloon opposite me. But it had to be done if I wanted to get what I came for. It was like plunging into a tunnel. There was no more seeing than there is in a pitch-dark room.

Touch was the only guide, and lucky it was for me that presently returned to my memory the bearings of the place and every berth and locker in it. Keeping one hand on the slimy backs of the table seats, I groped slowly along, pausing often, past the passenger berth towards Captain Roly's stateroom, right aft.

In the saloon there was no vegetation to speak of; but cold, slippery shapes seemed to touch my hands now and then, and strange lithe bodies to twine about my arms and legs. Horrid fancies, too, came into my mind that the pipe would presently get foul of some of these creatures, and that they would eat it through, and leave me to join the dead people around with the ninety seconds of life I carried in my dress.

The fact of the matter was that I had fallen into a state of deadly terror. My nerves were failing fast, and I actually screamed inside the helmet. I felt that in another minute I should faint, when, like the grateful recovery from some frightful nightmare, came the tug at the life-line from above, asking for news.

Replying with three pulls, which told them I was in the cabin, and reassured, I groped my way into the dead captain's berth. The door was wide open, and it seemed to me like entering a tomb. Then summoning up heart of grace, I felt about for the swinging cot I knew should be there. It was empty, and so rotten that it fell to pieces under my touch. With a sigh of relief I turned to where the captain's desk was fixed against the bulkhead. It also was empty and dilapidated.

As I paused irresolute, some long heavy body slid slowly across my shoulder. Involuntarily raising my hand, it encountered a rough, cold skin. I imagined I saw weird forms circling about me, and fierce eyes glaring in at mine out of the suffocating darkness. My fit of fright was returning, and I felt the perspiration bursting forth at every pore.

But I was lothe to depart without making a thorough search, doubting much whether I should have sufficient courage left to make another descent. So, pulling myself together, I went down on my knees and groped carefully about on the port side, to which, as I have already said, the Wrekin had a slight list.

The first thing I dropped across was a sextant, easily identified by its shape. Then my searching fingers closed upon a skeleton hand lying alone. Then, as I worked farther along, my heart beating violently, and every nerve strung to its intensest pitch, I found more bones, some loose, others taking the form of still connected ribs and vertebræ. Without a doubt, these were the remains of my old friend and captain, whose daughter was waiting expectant above in the daylight.

Still on, until, in the extreme corner, I touched something smooth and oval, that slipped from my grasp and rolled away. Securing it, and feeling the polished surface with the delicate fingers of one blind, I found at each extremity a small knob not much larger than a pin's head.

Then, satisfied that this was indeed the famous Egg, so often and so minutely described to me, I rose, and, with what speed I might, prepared to leave that sad abode of sudden death. I had reached the door, when, moved by a sudden impulse, and almost as feeling the grasp of those poor skeleton fingers around mine, and drawing me back, I returned, and repeated aloud the office for the burial of the dead at sea.

Coming on to the main-deck out of that gloomy sepulchre, where, doubtless, in their berths lay many more dead men's bones, was like emerging into some beautiful garden, and as I ascended with my precious freight, I felt like one who has had a weight lifted off his soul.

If Nora had so wished, I would have returned and brought up her father's remains. But she would not hear of it.

"Let him rest," she said. "It would have been his own desire. Let him rest until the sea give up its dead. Then will they all rise together, and not leaderless on that awful day. Are we not told that 'out of the darkness and out of the Shadow of Death' He will bring them in His own good time."

Vainly, on the return trip, did we attempt to explore the secret of that great oval box of silver, over a foot in length, and the translation of whose name in Javanese is "The Sultan's Egg."

Once, out hunting at Solo—a city and district far inland in Java—Captain Roly had the good fortune to render service to the native Sultan by stopping his runaway horse, and thereby probably saving his rider's neck.

Amongst many other curios presented by the grateful potentate, the Egg was chief. That the trick of its opening was connected, somehow, with those two little projections at each extremity of the thing, seemed probable. But pull and press as we might, we made no impression on the lustrous surface, hardly stained by its long immersion, and on which not the slightest hint or seam or joint was apparent. Certainly its contents, whatever they might prove to be, would be found intact.

Unwilling, though sorely tempted, to deal violently with it, we put it on one side until our arrival at Singapore. There, taking it to a celebrated Malay dealer in curios, I asked him to open it if he could. Looking at it appreciatively, he said that he could. Then he tried, with just the same amount of success as ourselves. Thereupon, he affirmed that the spring was broken, and that the only way of obtaining the contents was to cut it in twain. Having no time to spare, I told him to do the best he could with it. Possibly, I thought, knowing the skill of Eastern workmen with such things, and perhaps unable himself to open it, Captain Roly, on that last fatal trip, had brought the Egg with him for repairs. But this was of course merely a guess.

In it we found, besides the long missing will and the marriage certificate, together with many other valuable papers, a number of uncut precious stones, and a collection of jeweled ornaments, worth a considerable sum. The will left everything to Nora, with the exception of two hundred pounds per year to be paid to James Haynes out of Clayhorne. But the great prize of all for Nora was the piece of rough blue paper, legal testimony of the marriage of Roland Haynes with Alice M'Carthy at the parish church of the island of Innishboffin, off the west coast of Ireland! No wonder that all search had been in vain!

On opening our mail at Hong-kong, a great surprise met us:

James Haynes had drunk himself to death. By his will, a copy of which was addressed to Nora, Clayhorne and everything appertaining thereto was left to her, except, curiously enough, a legacy of two hundred pounds per annum to his wife.

Also came a letter, written almost at the last, repenting him of the evil he had wrought her, and solemnly declaring his innocence of any destruction of the will. He added, too, that so far as he knew, his brother's marriage had been perfectly legal; all that he had stated and upheld in contradiction thereof being merely the effect of malice and envy, for which he prayed most heartily to be forgiven, as he hoped to find forgiveness elsewhere. It was a tardy atonement, and we were almost miraculously, as it happened, independent of it.

We found, on our return home, that the widow had already left the old farm. She has long since married again, on the strength of her legacy, which is as regularly paid as if lawfully due.

Visitors to Clayhorns always asks inquisitively respecting two objects in the little museum there. The first of these is a diving suit, complete in all its parts, that hangs upon the wall, and which was acquired as a memento from the captain of the Cordelia. The other is a great egg-shaped vessel of silver, that has evidently been cut in two and the parts reattached by hinges. Even our youngest children know and can tell the story of the Sultan's Egg.

[THE END.]

## FROM OLD BOOTS.

A FEW weeks ago the "Pall Mall Gazette" told us that "a French savant, jealous of the success of palmistry, had invented a new science which he calls 'Scaphology,' by which he is able to decipher the characters of people by the manner in which they wear out their boots."

The definition is not as correct as could be wished, for the new science is called, not Scaphology, but Scarpology, and its inventor is not a Frenchman. Indeed, it is just possible, and not improbable, that he is a myth, and that both he and his new method of divination have no existence except in the vivid imagination of some Parisian journalist, who wanted a new sensation for his Sunday's "Chronique."

At all events, it is from French papers and those not of the most serious cast, that we are able to gather all we know about Scarpology.

On their authority we learn that Scarpology was invented by a Dr. Garre, of Basle. He is a Swiss savant who, many years ago, found himself in want of a hobby. Postage stamps stirred no responsive emotion in his bosom; nor was he drawn towards first editions, old china, mezzotint engravings, snuffboxes, book plates, or any of the ordinary forms of "collector's mania."

He might—like the book agent's uncle in one of Mark Twain's stories—have collected repeating echoes; but echoes, in a country which is nearly all mountains, are a drug in the market. Possibly, as a good Balois, he might have felt a desire to "Grangerize" the life of Erasmus, or collect the drawings of Holbein the younger; but those hobbies have not the merit of being original, and have the disadvantage of being very expensive.

At last the happy thought flashed across his mind—"Old Boots." Of course, there had been collectors of boots and shoes, but, even at the best, they had been but mere spiritless drudges content to gather together so much fashioned leather or other materials, and when they had labeled their acquisitions—"Cothurnus of a Roman actor: temp. Nero: very rare;" or, "Slippers believed to have been worn by Mary Stuart at Fotheringhay Castle"—their moderate ambition was satisfied.

It was for him, a modest Swiss Doctor, to prove himself the Prophet of Old Boots, and show that there was a soul in them. In short, it was Dr. Garre's opinion that every man's boots would bear the impress given to them by the wearer.

If that wearer climbed the steep and thorny way to heaven, or if, recking not his own rede, he trod the primrose path of dalliance, the nature of his journeyings left its mark upon the coverings of his extremities.

It seems not unlikely that the first inkling of the new science may have come to the doctor as he wended his way some morning down the long corridors of the big hotels of his native land, and noticed the different types of boots and shoes placed at the doors of the chambers of the yet slumbering guest. At all events, the seed, however dropped, had fallen on fertile ground.

Dr. Garre's first care was to procure from each of his friends and relatives, male and female, a pair of half-worn boots or shoes. These he supplemented with others that had belonged to well-known personages, or to prominent citizens of Basle who had paid the debt of nature, and whose effects had been brought to the hammer. Gradually he amassed the finest collection of "chaussures" ever known.

They were all neatly catalogued, and in most cases some particulars as to the character of the original wearer were quite full, the Doctor set to work to classify his acquisitions. He sorted out those that were worn evenly, those that were worn on the inner edge, those that worn on the outer edge, and those that were down at heel.

By arguing from the known to the unknown; by comparing, deducing, and contrasting, he at last thought himself able to lay down the broad lines of a science. He passed long hours amidst his old boots, amplifying and extending the rules he had discovered, inventing fresh ones, and accounting for contradictions.

He has called his new science Scarpology, possibly from the Italian word Scarpaccia, an old shoe, the diminutive of Scarpa. He claims for it that it is quite as "exact" as phrenology or cheiromancy. Broadly stated, the canons of the art seem to be somewhat as follows.

If the soles and heels are worn down evenly, and there is no undue tendancy to thinness in any part, Dr. Garre is able to assert that the wearer was a steady, respectable, methodical business man, of regular habits—a man of even temper seldom or never stirred by passions. If it is a bottine that is thus evenly worn, it belonged to some chaste and unexpensive, she of simple tastes and constant mind; one who is content to never wander from her own clean-swept hearth, and who would betray no emotion if an earthquake brought her choicest Worcester tea-set rattling from its shelves.

So far it may be said that Scarpology teaches us nothing that an averagely acute observer could not presuppose for himself, without the unpleasant task of critically examining some hundreds of pairs of dilapidated foot-gear.

It is, however, in those far more frequent cases in which the sole on one side is worn to a wafer whilst on the other it preserves its normal thickness, and the heel is sliced off to a wedge, that the methods of Dr. Garre come in with the most telling effect.

"Some are born with bow-legs from the first," and, naturally, those persons will tread on the outside edge of their shoes. Such persons, says Dr. Garre, are obstinate and headstrong. They are ambitious, and ready to undertake any scheme in which they believe there is a chance of profit. In fact, if the sole and heel are much worn along the entire length of the foot, the wearer of the boots or shoes is hardly to be differentiated from an adventurer.

This seems rather rough on sailors, who are often bow-legged, and who can only be termed adventurers in the strictly reputable sense of the word. In the case of a landsmen the theory has some foundation.

Were not Mr. Quilp, Rumpelstiltskin, and the Yellow Dwarf all bandy-legged? So must have been Wayland the son of Wate, the sinews of whose feet were cut by King Nidung.

Dr. Garre's theory is confirmed to some extent by the axiom of another observer, who says that you shall never trust a bandy-legged man who is deaf in the left ear. The women who tread on the outside edge of their feet have the same character as the men, says the Basle Doctor, but in a minor degree.

Naturally the converse of these propositions holds good in the case of knock-kneed people who tread on the "inside edge." They are weak and irresolute, and fall an easy prey to their bow-legged brethren.

If the men are but a feeble folk, however, the women are modest and sweet-tempered, which is perhaps a set-off against the inability to play "principal boy" in a burlesque. There are of course gradations between the two extremes of the full edges which the scarpologist can account for to his own satisfaction, but which would take too much space to describe here.

Turned-up toes, like turned-up fingertips, mean improvidence or extravagance, and even "uppers" have a story to tell. In one point, however, we think the Doctor has allowed his scientific zeal to outrun his worldly wisdom. Jealous husbands, who think that their wives' "tootsicums" have strayed from the paths of wifely duty, can have, it is said, their worst suspicions confirmed or dissipated by simply showing the scarpologist a pair of the suspected matron's bottines.

If there be any analogy—beyond that of mere spelling—between Balmorals and bad morals, the Doctor would do well to keep his information to himself. Even scarpologists are but fallible, and a hasty judgment on a worn-out sole might cause some Balois Othello to smother some innocent Helvetian Desdemona, when perhaps the fault was due to some defective bit of leather.

Even if they did not lead to tragedy, the verdicts of the vaticinator would "breed fruitful hot water for all parties," and we should be rejoiced to hear that the Doctor had never practiced, or had abandoned a branch of his art that was fraught with so much danger.

In other respects the so-called science is an innocent form of tomfoolery. It is not likely to attract many followers—out side the inventor's native city, at least—and will, in a few weeks or months, be, like many another gaud from the booths of Vanity Fair, relegated to the dim and vast domain of Forgotten Trivialities.

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AIDS TO LONGEVITY.—The philosopher may balance the advantages and disadvantages of long life, and may decide in favor of a short time of human existence. But it is clearly a prime part of the business of the physician to make life as long as possible, and as comfortable. There are two sorts of pressure which tend to shorten life—blood pressure within and atmospheric pressure without. This latter is a specially important factor in a humid climate like our own. In advancing age the circulation of the blood and lymph tends to become slow, and the enfeebled heart finds its embarrassments increased by this condition. Especially do the more vascular organs, such as the lungs, the liver, and the kidney, put skids on the wheels of the blood circulation. Plainly, then, an important condition of cardiac easement, and, therefore, of life prolongation, is the maintenance of an uncongested state of lung, liver and kidney. Thus are internal pressures relieved, and thus is cardiac energy conserved.

Of almost equal importance is the question of atmospheric pressure and moisture to aged persons. Situations which are at once low-lying and damp give, of course, a maximum of atmospheric pressure. Such pressure weighs down at a single stroke body, mind and life.

The difference to aged persons between living at the sea level and living five hundred feet above it, between living in a moist atmosphere and a dry one, is sometimes quite incalculable. Not seldom life may be lengthened by five or even ten years by living in an atmosphere which is both light and dry. These physiological considerations are commended to the aged and to the physician of the aged.

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SOME OF THE THINGS WE EAT.—The currant is a popular article of food, but more especially with children, as it enters largely into puddings, pies, and cakes. It is grown principally in the Levant.

Currants are put up in barrels and boxes, and one steamer that arrived recently brought to the Mediterranean piers 1,800 tons. The currant in the condition in which it comes is very far from being an inviting edible. In point of fact it is quite the reverse, and that is not a matter of wonder, considering that the fruit is cured and packed by Greeks, who, like most Easterners, are not at all fastidious in their methods.

There is an idea abroad that the fruit-cleaning companies remedy this state of affairs. The writer recently asked one of the men connected with the Mediterranean stores if such was really done.

He replied with a laugh—

"Not a bit of it; that is not their business. When dried fruits, either currants or prunes, get very old, they turn a sort of grayish color, something like ashes. Then they are turned over to the fruit-cleaning people, who steam them and polish them up with the molasses so that they look new and fresh and swell up. It is the same with prunes. After being put through a similar process, old prunes bring a higher price than French prunes.

"That's just how it is. When you come to think of it, it is just as well that we don't always know or realize what we are eating. If we did, our appetites would often fail. If you once saw West Indian negroes packing raw sugar in hogsheads on the plantations, you would certainly vow never to taste sugar in any form for the rest of your life."

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# Scientific and Useful.

POTATO.—White or "Irish" potatoes are now used extensively in the manufacture of buttons. By means of certain acids potatoes can be hardened to almost the resistance of stone.

RUBBER VELVET.—A new material called rubber velvet is said to be made by sprinkling powdered felt of any color over rubber cloth while the latter is hot and soft. The result looks like felt cloth, but is elastic, waterproof, and exceedingly light.

PAVING MATERIAL.—A new paving material now being introduced in London is composed of granulated cork and bitumen pressed into blocks, which are laid like bricks or wood paving. The special advantage claimed for the material is its elasticity, which renders it "almost as soft as carpet to the tread."

TO CURE INSOMNIA.—An excellent way to cure insomnia is said to be to bandage the eyes with a handkerchief before retiring. The compress seems to drive away the blood from the eyes and so cure, or, at least, temporarily relieve, that feeling so often experienced by sufferers from sleeplessness of trying to see in the dark.

COATED YARN.—A method has been invented in Germany of covering tissues of cotton yarn with a flexible and brilliant deposit of tin. A clear paste of commercial zinc powder and white of eggs is first made and spread on the textures with a brush, the coating coagulating when drying. The tissue is then placed in a bath of perchloride of tin, which metal is precipitated on the zinc; and the article, after rinsing and drying, is calendered, an operation imparting lustre to the layer of tin.

SUBMARINE BOAT.—A submarine boat is a desideratum for peaceful as well as warlike purposes. Mr. Simon Lake, of Baltimore, claims to have invented such a vessel, in which the crew can live comfortably for days at a time and perform a large variety of sub-aquatic work without going outside of the boat. To wreckers and bridge builders, as well as to the United States naval constructors (who have long been searching for a practicable submarine torpedo boat), an invention of this character should be a subject of very great interest.

# Farm and Garden.

TREES.—A writer claims that a thin coat of axle grease applied to the apple trees in the late fall, with a stiff brush, will keep off mice and rabbits.

LAND AREA.—It is not the area of land under cultivation that pays in farming, but the production per acre. A large farm may bring its owner in debt, while a few acres, judiciously managed, may give a large profit.

HOUSES AND FENCES.—The painting of house and white washing or painting of out-buildings, fences and gates, should be looked to and renewed as often as needful, for appearance's sake, as well as for the sake of preserving the wood.

DRAWING LOADS.—From many careful experiments it has been determined that the force necessary to draw a given load, on a level on a good broken stone road, is less than one third of that required to draw the same load on a common earth road.

MANURE.—Too much manure cannot be applied on land. In Europe the farmers often spread it over the land to the depth of six inches. They are never afraid of "burning up" the crops with manure, especially when the manure is well rotted and fine.

HORSES' FEET.—The feet of horses need frequent examination. When the feet are sore or are injured in any manner the usefulness of the animal ceases. To preserve the feet some attention is necessary in keeping the stables dry and clean, and this should not be left entirely to an assistant.

ITALIAN BEES.—Italian bees are now conceded to be the best bees for this country. New varieties come up every season, are given a short-lived boom and drop below the horison, to again appear briefly in a few years. The Italian has been tried and has not been found wanting. They are the best.

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There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. Its acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

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## Of Pleasure.

Rightly understood, pleasure is the chief object of all human government—the art namely of making people pleased or happy; and it would not be less rational to condemn religion because of the cruelties that have been inflicted in its name, or art, because some good pictures have an immoral tendency, than to inveigh against pleasure because some people pursue it selfishly, or find it in unworthy objects.

To enjoy rightly is one of the surest precepts of human happiness, and it is difficult for a layman to put his finger on any denunciation of pleasure, as such, in Old or New Testament. There is something of insincerity, something unmanly, in the conventional attitude assumed towards pleasure by professing Christians. We are constantly seeking it, yet we express abhorence of pleasure-seekers, we profess to despise it, yet the whole effort of the nation is to obtain it.

What is the aim of all philanthropy, but pleasure in the present? What is the promise of every religion but pleasure in the future? With what consistency can the honest believer undervalue pleasure when the Psalmist declares that "At the Lord's right hand are pleasures for evermore?"

If, then, pleasure is a good and right thing, and therefore worth taking some trouble to secure, it is not wasting time to consider its true nature, and remark upon some of the common hindrances to its attainment, and to point out the common neglect of some of its purest sources.

Pleasure, then, in the full meaning of enjoyment or delight, is indeed one of the most difficult subjects that can be submitted to analysis. Seek and ye shall not find it, unless your search is wisely directed. Often it eludes the most elaborate plans and costly preparations for its capture. Equally often it springs out unawares upon the way-farer, when he is least looking for it, meets him with frankest countenance when its presence would be least suspected. Thus the ordinary scheme of social entertainment is devised to encourage that most precious of all earthly joys—congenial intercourse, and the guests come away wearied, while a chance meeting on a railway, or even in a dentist's waiting-room may fill the heart with gladness. The fact is, elaborate preparations are more likely to scare than to secure pleasure. In the expressive words of Mr. Dallas: "Pleasure seldom gives note of her coming. She comes like an angel, unseen, unheard, unknown; and not till she is gone, or parting from us, are our eyes open to what we have enjoyed."

The nature of the object sought is not in itself of the essence of pleasure. There is, perhaps, no device of ease more consummately designed for its purpose than a modern bed. Yet to the bed-ridden what is this bed but Gehenna?

Again, to the student books are all in all. How can one remain insensible to books as a source of pleasure? Nevertheless, not to mention the school-boy, in whose eyes books are but elaborate obstacles to the enjoyment of life, there are thousands and tens of thousands of educated men who prefer the scribbling of daily journalists to the treasures of literature, because desire, the gratification of which confers pleasure, has not been born in them.

In fact, there is no such thing as objective pleasure; pleasure is a harmony, a fitting together, a fitting of an external object with a mood or want within ourselves. It is, to put it plainly, the fulfillment of desire, the gratification of an appetite, not necessarily ignoble.

As Goethe said of beauty so it may be said of pleasure: It is a primeval phenomenon that eludes definition—a radiance shed from the presence of Him at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore. The source of which though we may speculate about it, we can never know. This much, however, it is in our power to do; seeing that pleasure is a sensation arising from the fitting of fulfilment to desire, and of condition to mood, we can encourage those desires and train those moods which conduce to the purest gratification.

No pursuit perhaps confers as much pleasure as natural science. The pleasure of expanding knowledge has a boundless field for its gratification, and proof of the enduring quality of pleasure derived from knowledge of physical science may be had in the fact that no one is ever known to tire of it, or to fail in deriving pleasure from every new discovery.

All this fund of exquisite pleasures so generally neglected may be drawn on by multitudes who spend their lives in the pursuit of pleasure by methods which experience shows them fail of the desired end. And what is true of Science is no less true of Art.

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SOME persons live in a perpetual state of fret. The weather is always objectionable; the temperature is never satisfactory. They have too much to do, and are driven to death, or too little, and have no resources. If they are ill, they know they shall never get well; if they are well, they expect soon to be ill. Their daily work is either drudgery, which they hate, or so difficult and complex that they cannot execute it. In contrast to these we sometimes meet with men and women so bright and cheery that their very presence is a positive pleasure. They discover the favorable side of the weather, of their business, of home surroundings, of social relations, even of political affairs. They will tell you of all the pleasant things that happen, and give voice to all the joy they feel. Of course they are sometimes annoyed and worried by petty troubles, but the very effort they make to pass them over silently diminishes their unpleasant effect upon themselves, and prevents the influence from extending.

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PERHAPS there is nothing more important to a young wife or more calculated to make home happy than a proper knowledge of her duties and a due regard for household expenditure; yet many a young girl entering upon life is wholly unqualified for her duties, and has to pick up, as it were, her knowledge, instead of exercising it. A thorough knowledge therefore of domestic economy is an important part of the acquirements of a young girl, and as much a moral obligation on her part as it is on that of a man to have that professional information and tact which enables him to provide for the wants of a wife and family.

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A MAN'S reputation, like his coat, may be soiled without touching the man himself, since the reputation is not the character, any more than the sleeve is the arm it envelops. The character can be soiled only by what the man himself does, while the reputation may have mud thrown upon it by any wretch unmanly enough to want to injure the standing of another. We are to see that our motives are pure, our principles honorable and our outward life governed by them, and then to go about our duty calmly, confident that in the end they who unjustly seek to injure us will do us no harm.

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IT is good to humor children in following their natural bent in all right, helpful directions. Education is only the leading out of powers and faculties that are within. Encourage therefore such inclinations toward books, studies, mechanics, music, out-of-door pursuits and healthful sports as shall help most truly to develop the child. As education comes more and more to include the development of a natural aptitude, it will be more and more successful. It is good to humor children in preserving their individuality and in fostering a true self-respect.

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HAPPINESS may come through a variety of channels. In the long course of man's life it is necessary to find more than one spring from which the crystal stream of pleasure may flow. From physical nature may be derived a pleasure as intense and in its place as beneficient as any other. Most of us have troubles to contend with, but, if rightly regulated, our lives should be sweetened by a preponderance of pleasure. Health of body and cultured mind, with perfect liberty, should make all men happy.

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THE Persian author Saadi tells a story of three sages—a Greek, an Indian and a Persian—who, in the presence of the Persian monarch, debated this question—Of all evils incident to humanity, which is the greatest? The Grecian declared, "Old age oppressed with poverty;" the Indian answered, "Pain with impatience;" while the Persian, bowing low, made answer, "The greatest evil, O King, that I can conceive is the couch of death without one good deed of life to light the darksome way!"

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FRIENDSHIP does not seek pleasure for itself. It does not shun pain or inconvenience. When friends cherished and long held come to grief, it does not seek some dark way by which it may avoid a dividend of sorrow and suffering, if need be, shame. True friendship is eager to give—to give all; for in the soul's commerce he who gives all keeps all.

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NOBODY who is afraid of laughing, and heartily too, at his friend can be said to have a true and thorough love for him; and, on the other hand, it would betray a sorry want of faith to distrust a friend because he laughs at you. Few men are much worth loving in whom there is not something well worth laughing at.

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MEN as a rule are easily attracted by a beautiful face; but it is by internal beauty of character that a woman can exert the greatest amount of influence. A true-minded man, though at first enamoured by personal beauty, will soon feel the hollowness of its charms when he discovers the lack of mental beauty.

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THERE is no remedy for trouble equal to hard work—labor that will tire you physically to such an extent that you must sleep. If you have met with losses, you do not want to lie awake and think about them. You want sleep, and to eat your meals with an appetite. But you cannot, unless you work.

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

S. N.—A lather of soap and tepid water will clean gold jewelry.

J. B. N.—Sultana raisins, as said before to other correspondents, are made from a kind of grape which has no seeds. It is grown seedless simply by arresting one of the laws of nature. When the grape is about half ripe the end of the vine is bent and buried in the ground. This prevent the formation of seed and the full development of the fruit, but it ripens all the same.

N. R. V.—Renaissance (French, new birth) is the designation of a peculiar style of architecture and ornamentation, founded on the antique, which took its origin in Italy about the commencement of the fifteen century; also of the period commencing with the fourteenth century and ending with the first half of the sixteenth century, which witnessed the rival of classical literature and the fine arts in Southern Europe.

W. W. H.—Palm oil is a fatty oil of the consistence of butter, of a rich orange color, sweetish taste, and odor like that of violets or orris root. It is the product of the fibrous coat of the drupe or stone fruit of the palm belonging to the tribe of cocoanut palms. The same oil is also obtained in Brazil, Cayenne, and the West Indies. In Africa it is eaten as a sort of butter. It is also used as an emollient and in the manufacture of candles, soap, and axle grease.

N. D. R.—The wedding anniversaries are as follows: First year, cotton wedding; second year, paper wedding; third year, leather wedding; fifth year, wooden wedding; seventh year, woollen wedding; tenth year, tin wedding; twelfth year, silk and fine linen wedding; fifteenth year, crystal wedding; twentieth year, china wedding; twenty-fifth year, silver wedding; thirtieth year, pearl wedding; fiftieth year, golden wedding; seventy-fifth year, diamond wedding.

T. G.—Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, died near Stockholm, December 31, 1865. She began at the age of eight years to write verses, and in 1824 published her first novel, "The Neighbors," which was soon translated into German, French, Dutch, and Russian, and in 1842 into English, by Mary Howitt, who also translated her other works. She visited the United States in 1849. A German edition of her works in thirty volumes was completed in 1864.

G. M. D.—To mend india-rubber shoes or goloshes rub the patch (made of thick muslin) and shoe thoroughly with sharp sand-paper. Smear both with liquid india-rubber (made by dissolving small pieces of unvulcanized rubber in warm spirits of turpentine or chloroform) five times, allowing them to dry after each application. Repeat this application once more, and before they have dried apply the patch with pressure, if possible, and the boot or shoe will be mended.

R. W. C.—When coloring steel blue it is necessary that it shall first be finely polished on its surface, and then exposed to a uniform degree of heat. There are three ways of producing the color—first, by a flame emitting no soot, as spirits of wine; secondly, by a hot plate of iron; and thirdly, by wood ashes. As a very regular heat is requisite, the latter medium is preferable for fine work. The work must be carefully covered with the wood ashes, and carefully watched until the proper color is produced.

E. L. C.—1. In ancient times women's side-saddles were made without horns, but there was a high pommel to hold on to. The side-saddle used by women in Iceland has a seat with a back, like a common chair, and has, instead of a stirrup, a little shelf on which both feet can rest. The seat of the side-saddle of Queen Elizabeth was a velvet cushion, and the pommel gilded metal. 3. A third-horn, called the hunting-horn, is put on the side, under which the left knee is placed. This is said to give the rider almost as firm a seat as can be got in the man's saddle.

L. F. W.—The amount awarded to the United States for damages done to American commerce by the Confederate steamers Alabama, Florida, and Shenandoah, was $15,500,000. The English arbitrator, Sir A. E. Cockburn, refused to sign the judgment of the Arbitration Commission at Geneva, mainly on the ground that the Florida and Shenandoah claims were improperly allowed. The Alabama sailed from England one day before the English Government telegraphed to detain her. The Alabama was sunk by the Kearsarge off Cherbourg, France, June 19, 1864; and during 1865 the United States and English Governments discussed the question of English responsibility for the damage inflicted. Finally it was agreed by England to settle the matter by arbitration, with the results stated.

TOM.—We fear you are a simpleton. Supposing your lottery to be fairly conducted, the lucky numbers are so few and the blanks so extremely numerous, that if a man were fool enough to buy a ticket once a month for forty years, he would be almost certain not to draw prizes enough to make good the money spent in tickets. The lottery is a relic of barbarism. It is a contrivance by which sharpers get rich upon the hard-earned money of such simply and greedy souls as you appear to be. If you want to be rich, use your wits, such as you have, and your hands, in something useful and honest calling, and stop trying to get something for nothing. As to the stars, they have something better to do than helping you to buy lottery tickets. Astrology and lotteries belong to the past. For a modern man to have anything to do with them proves that he is either very young, or very ignorant, or a rascal by profession.

### YOUTH AND LOVE.

BY M. B. B.

Sing of smiles, and not of tears;
Sing of roses, not of rue;
Leave these for far-future years;
Time is young for me and you.

Spring's blood thrills in every vein;
What can we have with decay?
Sunshine gilds each drop of rain
That would fall upon Love's way.

Life is at its zenith now;
We have reached Joy's topmost peak;
Wrinkles are for Age's brow,
Kisses for Youth's rosy cheek.

Sing of smiles, and not of tears;
Sing of roses, not of rue—
Sing of faith, and not of fears;
Deathless love for me and you!

## His Butterfly.

BY H. A. B.

QUITE the most remarkable feature of an April meeting of the Entomological Society in 188- was the production, by Professor Parchell, F.Z.S., F.L.S., one of the oldest and most enthusiastic members of the Society, of a new and remarkable species of "Achræa," hitherto quite unknown to science. The Professor was radiant and suffused with happiness. He had long been an ardent collector in England and Europe; but only recently had he turned his footsteps to the far-off lands south of the equator. It had been the dream of his life. And now, having lately resigned his chair at Bambridge, at the age of sixty, at his first essay in Cape Colony, a region fairly well known to entomologists, he had gratified his heart's desire, and discovered a species.

The new butterfly, which, it appeared, from a paper read by the Professor, had been found in some numbers, but within a very limited area—a mere speck of country—was shown in a carefully constructed case. There were sixteen specimens; and it was settled that the butterfly was to be known to science as "Achræa Parchelli," thus perpetuating the Professor and his discovery to the ages yet unborn. The one particularity which marked the insect out from among its fellows was very striking. Upon the upper side of the hind-wings, right in the centre, there appeared a complete triangular space of silver, evenly bordered by circular black markings. This peculiarity, which was shared by male and female alike, was very beautiful and very marked; and the enthusiastic collectors gathered at the Society's meeting were, as the box of specimens was passed from hand to hand, all delighted with the new treasure. As for the Professor himself, never, except, perhaps, in that supreme moment when he had discovered within his net this new wonder, had he experienced such a glow of rapture and of triumph.

Amongst the Fellows of the Society met this evening sat Horace Maybold, a good-looking young man of six-and-twenty, who, having some private means, and an unquenchable thirst for the collection of butterflies, spent most of his time in going to and fro upon the earth in search of rare species. Horace had traveled in many lands, and had made a good many discoveries well known to his brethren; and quite recently he had turned his attention to the "Achræinæ," the very family in which Professor Parchell had made his mark.

The new butterfly interested him a good deal. Naturally, he at once burned to possess it in his own collection, and, after the meeting broke up, he approached the Professor and sounded him on the subject. In his paper read to the Society, that gentleman had rather vaguely described the habitat of the new species as "in the Eastern Province of Cape Colony, in a small and compact area within fifty miles of the east bank of the Sunday's River." But it appeared very quickly that the Professor for the present was unwilling to part with any of his specimens—even for an adequate consideration—or to impart the exact locality in which the species was to be found.

Horace had rather reckoned upon this, but he was none the less a little chagrined at the old gentleman's closeness.

"No, my dear sir," had replied the Professor to his inquiries, "I can't part with any of my specimens, except to the Natural History Museum, to which I intend to present a pair. As for the precise habitat, I intend—ahem!—for the present to reserve that secret to myself. It is a pardonable piece of selfishness—or shall I term it self-preservation?—you, as a collector, must admit. I intend to renew my acquaintance with the spot towards the beginning of next winter—that is the summer of the Cape. When I have collected more specimens, I may publish my secret to the world—hardly before."

Horace looked keenly at the face of the clean, pink and white old gentleman before him. There was no compromise in the set of the firm lips, or the blue eyes beaming pleasantly from behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, and so, with a polite sentence or two on his lips, but with some vexation at his heart, Horace Maybold turned away and went down to his club.

During the rest of that summer, Horace was pretty much occupied, yet his memory never let quit its grip of the Professor and his new butterfly. He had upon his writing-table the colored plate from a scientific magazine, whereon was depicted that rare species; and as he refreshed his memory with it now and again, he determined more than ever to possess himself of specimens of the original. As far as possible he kept a sharp eye on the Professor's movements until the middle of September, when, happening to return to town from a few days' shooting, he ran across the old gentleman in Piccadilly.

"Well, Professor," said Horace genially, "how goes the world with you? I suppose you will be leaving England for the Cape again presently?"

"Yes," returned the old gentleman, who seemed in excellent spirits; "I expect to be sailing early in October. I want to have a fortnight or more in Cape Town at the Museum there. After that, I propose proceeding to my old hunting-ground of last year."

"Where you discovered the new 'Achræa?'" interposed Horace.

"Exactly," rejoined the old gentleman.

"I quite envy you, Professor," went on Horace. "I am in two minds about visiting South Africa myself this winter. The Orange River country hasn't been half ransacked yet, or Kaffraria either, for that matter. I haven't settled my plans; but I may have a turn at one or the other."

Now, Kaffraria lies not very far to the east of the Professor's own collecting-ground, that sacred spot which held his great secret yet inviolate. The old gentleman's face changed perceptibly; a stiffer line or two appeared about his mouth; he looked with some suspicion into Horace's eyes, and said, rather shortly: "Ah, well! I am told the Orange River is an excellent and untried region. But, entomologically, South Africa upon the whole is poor. My visits there are mainly for health and change. But I must be getting on; I have much to do. Good-bye, Mr. Maybold—good-bye!"

The Professor passed on down St. James' Street, and Horace sauntered along Piccadilly with a smile upon his face. The old gentleman had imparted something of his movements. Should he follow them up? Yes; he must have that "Achræa Parchelli," somehow. He would follow to the Eastern Province in November. It might be a trifle like poaching; but, after all, the world is not a butterfly preserve for the one or two lucky ones. And the old man had been so confoundedly close and secret. It would serve him right to discover his sacred treasure, to make plain his mystery.

After watching the weekly passenger list in "South Africa" for some time, Horace Maybold noted with interest that Professor Parchell had sailed for Cape Town by a Donald Currie steamer in the first week of October. That fact ascertained, he at once secured a berth in a deck cabin of the Norham Castle for the first week in November. The chase had begun, and already Horace felt a keen and amusing sense of adventure—adventure in little—springing within him.

After Madeira, when all had found their sea-legs, and the warm weather and smooth ocean appeared, things became very pleasant. Horace was not a man who quickly became intimate or much attached to people; but, almost insensibly, upon this voyage he found himself developing a strong friendship, almost an intimacy, with two ladies; one, Mrs. Stacer, a pleasant, comely, middle-aged woman, perhaps nearer fifty than forty; the other, Miss Vanning, young, good-looking, and extremely attractive.

The two ladies, who were connected, if not relations, were traveling to Port Elizabeth to stay with friends in that part of the colony—where, exactly, was never quite made clear. Horace found them refined, well-bred, charming women, having many things in common with him; and the trio in a day or two's time got on swimmingly together.

By the time the line was reached, the vision of Rose Vanning, with her fair, wavy brown hair, good gray eyes, fresh complexion, and open, yet slightly restrained manner, was for ever before the mental ken of Horace Maybold. Here, indeed, he told himself, was the typical English girl he had so often set before his mind; fresh, tallish, full of health, alert, vigorous in mind and body, yet a thorough and a perfect woman. On many a warm tropical evening, as they sat together on deck, while the big ship drove her way through the oil-like ocean, sending shoals of flying-fish scudding to right and left of her, the two chatted together, and day by day their intimacy quickened. It was clear to Horace, and it began, too, to dawn upon Mrs. Stacer, that Rose Vanning found a more than ordinary pleasure in his presence.

By the time they were within a day of Cape Town, Horace had more than half made up his mind. He had gently opened the trenches with Mrs. Stacer, who had met him almost half-way, and had obtained permission to call upon them in London—at a house north of Hyde Park, where they were living. At present, they knew so little of him and his people, that he felt it would be unfair to push matters further. But he had mentioned Mrs. Stacer's invitation to Rose Vanning.

"I hope, Miss Vanning," he said, "you won't quite have forgotten me when I come to see you—let me see—about next May. It's a very long way off, isn't it? And people and things change so in these times." He looked a little anxiously at the girl as he spoke; what he saw reassured him a good deal.

"If you haven't forgotten us, Mr. Maybold," she said, a pretty flush rising as she spoke, "I'm quite sure we shall remember and be glad to see you. We've had such good times together, and I hope you'll come and see us soon. We shall be home in April at latest, and we shall have, no doubt, heaps of adventures to compare."

At Cape Town, Horace, after many inquiries, had half settled upon a journey along the Orange River. He had more than one reason for this. Perhaps Rose Vanning's influence had sharpened his moral sense; who knows? At any rate, he had begun to think it was playing it rather low down upon the Professor to follow him up and poach his preserves. He could do the Orange River this season, and wait another year for the "Achræa Parchelli;" by that time, the old gentleman would probably have had his fill, and would not mind imparting the secret, if properly approached. And so the Orange River was decided upon, and in three or four days he was to start.

Upon the following evening, however, something happened to alter these plans. Half an hour before dinner, as he was sitting on the pleasant stoep (veranda) of the International Hotel, enjoying a cigarette, a man whose face he seemed to know came up to him and instantly claimed acquaintance. "You remember me, surely, Maybold?" he said. "I was at Marlborough with you—in the same form for three terms."

Of course Horace remembered him; and they sat at dinner together and had a long yarn far into the night.

The upshot of this meeting was that nothing would satisfy John Marley—"Johnny," he was always called—but Horace should go round by sea him to Port Elizabeth, and stop a few weeks at his farm, some little way up country from that place. When he was tired of that, he could go on by rail from Cradock, and complete his progamme on the Orange River.

"If you want butterflies, my boy," said Johnny in his hearty way, "you shall have lots at my place—tons of them after the rains; and we'll have some rattling good shooting as well. You can't be always running about after 'bugs,' you know."

So, next day but one, Horace, little loth, was haled by his friend down to the docks again, and thence round to Port Elizabeth they proceeded, partly by rail, partly by Cape cart and horses, in a north-easterly direction, until at length, after the best part of a day's journey through some wild and most beautiful scenry, they drove up late in the evening to a long, low, comfortable farm-house, shaded by a big veranda, where they were met and welcomed by Marley's wife and three sturdy children. After allowing his friend a day's rest, to unpack his kit and get out his gunnery and collecting-boxes, Johnny plunged him into a vortex of sport and hard work. A fortnight had vanished ere Horace could cry off. He had enjoyed it all immensely; but he really must get on with the butterflies, especially if he meant to go north to the Orange River.

Marley pretended to grumble a little at his friend's desertion of buck-shooting for butterfly-collecting; but he quickly placed at his disposal a sharp Hottentot boy, Jacobus by name, who knew every nook and corner of that vast country-side, and, barring a little laziness, natural to Hottentot blood, proved a perfect treasure to the entomologist. The weather was perfection. Some fine showers had fallen, vegetation had suddenly started into life, and the flowers were everywhere ablaze. The bush was in its glory.

Amid all this regeneration of nature, butterflies and insects were extremely abundant. Horace had a great time of it, and day after day added largely to his collection. One morning, flitting about here and there, he noticed a butterfly that seemed new to him. He quickly had a specimen within his net, and, to his intense satisfaction, found it, as he had suspected, a new species. It belonged to the genus "Eurema"—which contains but few species—and somewhat resembled "Eurema schœneis" (Trimen), a handsome dark brown and yellow butterfly, with tailed hind-wings. But Horace's new capture was widely different in this respect: the whole of the under surface of the wings was suffused with a strong roseate pink, which mingled here and there with the brown, sometimes darker, sometimes lighter in its hue.

Here was a thrilling discovery—a discovery which, as Horace laughingly said to himself, would make old Parchell "sit up" at their Society's meeting next spring. Horace captured eight more specimens—the butterfly was not too plentiful—and then made for home in an ecstasy of delight.

A few days after this memorable event, he set off with Jacobus for a farmhouse thirty miles away, to the owner of which—an English Afrikander—Marley had given him an introduction. As they passed near the kloof where the new butterfly had been discovered, which lay about half-way, Horace off saddled for an hour, and picked up half a-dozen more specimens of the new "Eurema." These he placed with utmost care in his collecting-box. At noon they saddled up and rode on again. Towards three o'clock they emerged from the hills upon a shallow, open, grassy valley, girt about by bushy mountain scenery.

This small valley was ablaze with flowers, and butterflies were very abundant. Getting Jacobus to lead his horse quietly after him, Horace wandered hither and thither among the grass and flowers, every now and again sweeping up some butterfly that took his fancy. Suddenly, as he opened his net to secure a new capture, he uttered an exclamation of intense surprise. "By all that's entomological!" he cried, looking up with a comical expression at the stolid and uninterested Hottentot boy, "I've done it, I've done it! I've hit upon the old Professor's new butterfly!!"

No man could well be more pleased with himself than Horace Maybold at that moment. In ten minutes he had within his box seven or eight more specimens, for the butterfly—the wonderful, the undiscoverable "Achræa Parchelli!"—seemed to be fairly plentiful.

"How far are we off Mr. Gunton's place now, Jacobus?" asked Horace.

"Nie, var, nie, Baas" [Not so far, master], replied the boy in the Dutch patois. "'Bout one mile, I tink. See, dar kom another Baas!"

Horace shaded his eyes and looked. About one hundred and fifty yards off, there appeared above the tall grass a curious figure remarkable for a huge white helmet, loose light coat, and pink face and blue spectacles. A green butterfly net was borne upon the figure's shoulder. Horace knew in a moment whose was that quaint figure. He gave a soft whistle to himself. It was the Professor.

The old gentleman came straight on, and, presently, seeing, within fifty yards, strange people before him, walked up. He stood face to face with Horace Maybold, amazed, aghast, and finally very angry.

"Good-morning, Professor," said that young man. "I'm afraid I've stumbled by a sheer accident with an old schoolfellow thirty miles away, and rode in this direction. I had no idea you were here."

The Professor was a sight to behold. Red as an enraged turkey-cock, streaming with perspiration—for it was a hot afternoon—almost speechless with indignation, he at last blurted into tongue: "So, sir, this is what you have been doing; stealing a march upon me; following me up secretly; defrauding me of the prizes of my own labor and research. I could not have believed it of any member of the Society. The thing is more than unhandsome. It

is monstrous! an utterly monstrous proceeding!"

Horace attempted to explain matters again. It was useless: he might as well have argued with a buffalo bull at that moment.

"Mr. Mayhold," retorted the Professor, "the coincidence of your staying in the very locality in which my discovery was made, coupled with the fact that you endeavored, at the last meeting of the Entomological Society, to extract from me the habitat of this new species, is quite too impossible. I have nothing more to say—for the present." And the irate old gentleman passed on.

Horace felt excessively vexed. Yet he had done no wrong. Perhaps, when the old gentleman had come to his senses, he would listen to reason.

Jacobus now led the way to the farmhouse. It lay only a mile away, and they presently rode up towards the stoep. Two ladies were sitting under the shade of the ample thatched veranda—one was painting, the other reading. Horace could scarcely believe his eyes, as he approached. These were his two fellow-passengers of the Norham Castle, Mrs. Stacer and Rose Vanning—the latter looking, if possible, more charming than ever. The ladies recognised him in their turn, and rose with a little flutter. Horace jumped from his horse and shook hands with some warmth.

"Who, on earth," he said, "could have expected to meet you in these wilds? I am astonished—and delighted," he added, with a glance at Rose.

Explanations ensued. It seemed that the ladies were the sister and step-daughter of the Professor, who was a widower. They had been engaged by him in a mild conspiracy not to reveal his whereabouts, so fearful was he of his precious butterfly's habitat being made known to the world; and so, all through the voyage, no mention had been made even of his name. It was his particular whim and request; and here was the mystery at an end. The Professor had moved from the farmhouse in which he had lodged the year before, and had secured quarters in Mr. Gunton's roomy, comfortable ranch, where the ladies had joined him.

Horace, who had inwardly chafed at this unexpected turn, had now to explain his awkward rencontre with the Professor. To his great relief, Mrs. Stacer and Rose took it much more philosophically than he could have hoped; indeed, they seemed rather amused than otherwise.

"But," said Horace with a rueful face, "the Professor's in a frantic rage with me. You don't quite realise that he absolutely discredits my story, and believes I have been playing the spy all along. And upon the top of all this I have a letter to Mr. Gunton, and must sleep here somehow for the night. There's no other accommodation within twenty miles. Why, when the Professor comes back and finds me here, he'll go out of his mind!"

Here Mrs. Stacer, good woman that she was, volunteered to put matters straight, for the night, at all events. She at once saw Mr. Gunton, and explained the impasse to him; and Horace was comfortably installed, away from the Professor's room, in the farmer's own quarters.

"Leave my brother to me," said Mrs. Stacer, as she left Horace. "I daresay matters will come right."

At ten o'clock Mrs. Stacer came to the door. Mr. Gunton rose and went out as she entered. "H'sh," she said with mock-mystery as she addressed Horace. "I think," she went on, with a comical little smile, "the Professor begins to think he has done you an injustice. He is amazed at our knowing you, and we have attacked him all the evening, and he is visibly relenting."

"Mrs. Stacer," said Horace warmly, "I can't thank you sufficiently. I've had inspiration since I saw you. I, too, have discovered, not far from here, a rather good new butterfly—a species hitherto unknown. Can't I make amends, by sharing my discovery with the Professor? I've got specimens here in my box, and there are plenty in a kloof fifteen miles away."

"Why, of course," answered Mrs. Stacer. "It's the very thing. Your new butterfly will turn the scale. I'll go and tell my brother you have a matter of importance to communicate, and wish to make further explanations. Wait a moment."

In three minutes she returned. "I think it will be all right," she whispered. "Go and see him. Straight through the passage you will find a door open, on the right. I'll wait here."

Horace went forward and came to the half-open door. The professor, who had changed his loose yellow alpaca coat for a black one of the same material, sat by a reading-lamp. He wore now his gold-rimmed spectacles, in lieu of the blue "goggles." He looked clean, and pink, and comfortable, though a trifle severe—the passion of the afternoon had vanished from his face. Horace spoke the first word. "I have again to reiterate, Professor, how vexed I am to have disturbed your collecting-ground. I had not the smallest intention of doing it. Indeed, my plans lay farther north.

"It was the pure accident of meeting my old school-friend, Marley, that let me here. In order to convince you of my sincere regret, I have here a new butterfly—evidently a scarce and unknown 'Eurema'—which I discovered a few days since near here. My discovery is at your service. Here is the butterfly. I trust you will consider it some slight set-off for the vexation I have unwittingly given you."

At sight of the butterfly, which Horace took from his box, the Professor's eyes gleamed with interest. He took the insect, looked at it very carefully, then returned it.

"Mr. Mayhold," he said, rising and holding out his hand, "I believe I did you an injustice this afternoon. I lost my temper, and I regret it. I understand, from my sister and daughter, that they are acquainted with you, and that they were fully aware of your original intention to travel to the Orange River. You offer of the new butterfly, which is, as you observe, a new and rare species, is very handsome, and I cry quits. I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing you, to-morrow at breakfast, and accompanying you to the habitat of your very interesting and remarkable discovery."

Before breakfast next morning, there was a very pleasant and even tender meeting between Horace Mayhold and Rose Vanning; and, when Mrs. Stacer joined them, there was a merry laugh over the adventures of yesterday.

After breakfast—they all sat down together, the Professor in his most genial mood—Horace and the old gentleman at once set off for the kloof where the new "Eurema" was discovered. They returned late in the evening; the Professor had captured a number of specimens, and although fatigued, was triumphantly happy. Horace stayed a week with them after this, with the natural result that at the end of that time he and Rose Vanning were engaged, with the Professor's entire consent.

The new butterfly—which, partly out of compliment to Rose, partly from its own peculiar coloring, was unanimously christened "Eurema Rosa"—was exhibited by Horace and the Professor jointly and with great eclat at an early meeting of the Entomological Society.

Horace and Rose's marriage is a very happy one. And, as they both laughingly agree—for the old gentleman often reminds them of the fact—they may thank the Professor's butterfly for the lucky chance that first threw them together.

## SOME TRADITIONS.

TO go back to the beginning, it may be fairly said that a volume of respectable size could be filled with Adamite legend and tradition. In the seventeenth century the accounts which had been up to then recognized, received an addition.

The Abbe Isaac de la Peyrere wrote a book, in which he attempted to prove, on "orthodox" lines, the existence of a race of human beings before the Adam of the Bible. Taking as his text a rather obscure passage in the Epistle to the Romans, the Abbe proceeded to argue that the creation in the first chapter of Genesis was the creation of the Gentiles, while that of the second was of the progenitor of the Jews. He called attention to the difference in the method of creation, insisted that the Gentiles were invariably referred to as "sons of men," while the Adamites are "sons of the man," and claimed that the pre-Adamites are specifically referred to in Romans viii. 20 as the "creature that was made subject to vanity."

Great stress is laid on the expression that when Adam was created there was not found a helpmeet for him, a phrase which may imply that none of the females of the first creation were good enough for the new "lord and master of earth"; and the Abbe marshals in strong array the arguments which he conceives are to be drawn from the differing descriptions of the creation, from the familiar difficulty of Cain's fear of meeting people, from his building a city—even from the Divine warning, "Sin lieth at the door"—which he construes to mean "judgement shall be given at the gates."

But the Abbe's book was condemned by the authorities, despite its ingenious efforts after orthodoxy, and, after all, his deductions lacked the picturesque extravagance of some of the earlier traditions.

The mention of Adam's helpmeet calls to mind the legend of Lilith—his first wife, according to the Rabbis. Whether she was one of the female creation of Chapter I., or a demon, or something between the two, she was, considered matrimonially, a complete failure. She was expelled after living with Adam for a hundred and thirty years, and subsequently became the wife of Satan, by whom she was the mother of the Jinns, so familiar in Persian fairy lore.

The emphatic remark of Adam when he first saw Eve, "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh," makes, it is suggested, a comparison between Eve and the beautiful but fiend-like Lilith, not complimentary to the latter; while the reference, on the birth of Seth, to him as Adam's son "in his own likeness, after his image," conveys a painful hint of the uncanny offspring born to Adam and Lilith. Perhaps in revenge for this, Lilith—the name occurs translated "night monster" in Isaiah xxxiv.—became the sworn foe of little children, whom she was wont to strangle with one of her glorious golden hairs, unless the watchfulness of their mothers drove her away. It has, indeed, been gravely suggested by an etymologist greatly daring that our word lullaby is simply a comption of "Lilla abi." Lilith, avaunt! which mothers and nurses would croon over the cradles, or write on the door-post.

It would be interesting to know something about Adam and Eve's appearance. Unfortunately, though there is no lack of descriptions, there is a complete lack of harmony amongst them. Some authorities hold that Adam and Eve were created on the same day, which they say was Friday, and either at three o'clock or at the last hour; others, as we have seen, make Adam precede Eve by a hundred and thirty years. Those who hold to the former opinion say that the apparent age of both was twenty years, while some of the adherents of the latter say that Eve was at first quite young and reached maturity gradually, quoting—with what relevancy it is hard to see—Ezekeil xvi. 8.

The general view is that they were extremely beautiful, but others theories are propounded which scarcely fit in with our present æsthetic tastes. For instance, on the strength of Psalm cxxxix. 5, it is conjectured that they were made back to back—Adam being the supposed author of the psalm. Others, with a sort of premonition of some recent theories, equip them with tails; others again declare that Adam was blind, that while he was in the Garden he was pachydermatous, but that at the Fall his body became soft with the exception of the nails. With regard to stature, the Talmudists run riot.

A comparitively modest estimate gives Adam's height as that of a palm-tree; another say that while his foot, seventy cubits long, rests on the top of a mountain in Ceylon, the other leg was in the sea; while a third triumphantly calculates that it would take five hundred years to walk up him, and five years to walk round him—from which we are compelled to realise that the patriarch was somewhat slender for his heig' t.

In the face of these dimensions we read without surprise that the Angels respectfully remonstrated, with the result that Adam's height was reduced to a thousand cubits. The details respecting Eve's stature are less circumstantial. The Mohammedans, however, have a tradition that when her head rested on a hill near Mecca, her knees were supported on two mounds in an adjoining plain, distant from each other two musket-shots.

As might be expected, the Scriptural account of the Fall is greatly amplified Satan (or Samael) tried for long to enter within the Garden, which it would seem he was unable to do without assistance. He besought all animals in turn but was refused by all except the serpent, or, according to other authorities, the peacock. The serpent was then a beautiful animal, with an upright instead of a crawling movement, and the Fiend entered Paradise riding on it as upon a camel.

All animals had the gift of speech, a power which seems to have been possessed by the Tree of Knowledge, for we are told that, when Satan led Eve towards it, a voice came therefrom, speaking the words subsequently embodied in a psalm: "Let not the foot of pride come against me." It is said that this power of speech remained with the lower animals till after the Fall; and a rather pretty anecdote is told of the reason of its being taken away. Adam was one day severely beating the ox with which he was ploughing, and the animal asked, almost in the words of Balaam's ass: "Wherefore hast thou smitten me?" "Because," replied Adam, "thou didst not draw the plough aright." "Adam," said the ox reproachfully, "when thou wast rebellious did God smite thee thus?" And then the patriarch prayed in his anguish: "O God, is every beast to reproach me and bring my sin to remembrance?" And from that day, in pity to man, the power of speech was taken from the brute creation.

Many are the attempts to identify the forbidden fruit. Some say it was the fig, others the grape, others, again, the pomegranate; but the most "Arabian Nightish" description paints it as an ear of wheat, which looked like a ruby and was as big as an ostrich egg, and which grew on a tree whose trunk was like gold, its branches silver, and its leaves emerald.

Our first parents were expelled about three o'clock of the afternoon of Friday, the tenth of May, having resided in Eden seven years, two months, two weeks, and three days. Adam was banished to Ceylon and Eve to Mecca, and they remained apart for two hundred years. Adam, according to some accounts, spent half this time weeping with his face to the earth; others, less charitably, aver that his solitude was cheered by Lilith, who resumed her former relations with him. When he repented, and rejoined Eve, he begged that something might be given him from the happy garden of innocence which he had forfeited, and lo! in answer to his prayer, the three mighty Archangels were sent to him, Michael bringing gold, Gabriel frankincense, and Raphael myrrh—mystic gifts, in after years associated with the offering of the Magi, whom early Christian tradition identified with Enoch, Melchisedek, and Elias.

Adam died on the anniversary of the day on which he had sinned; around his deathbed were gathered his descendants, represented by fifteen thousand males and females innumerable. He was buried in the cave at Macpelah, which was also the sepulchre of Eve. But another and fairer tradition says that Adam's body was given to the pious care of the saintly Melchisedek, who buried it at Jerusalem, "the centre of earth," in a spot which to after generations became awful and holy as the "Place of a Skull."

There, centuries after, was reared another Tree of Life, and from the sacred wounds of the Sufferer, the promised Seed of the Woman, there fell upon the dead, dry bones of the first Adam the Blood which redeemed the world; and the infant Church loved to believe that at that wondrous anointing Adam became once again sinless as when, in the vanished Eden of the early world, he walked and talked with God.

Amongst the relics of Adam of which tradition or legend speaks, were his staff, his coat, a book on husbandry, and two psalms, the hundred and fourth and hundred and thirty-ninth. We may perhaps make mention of the staff and coat in some accounts of the legends connected with some other of the "elders," in which they play many a grotesque role. But one traditional legacy remains with us to this day in the shape of

the spicy breezes
That blow soft on Ceylon's isles,

for whence come they but from the aromatic trees and shrubs which sprang, long ages back, from the "fig-leaves" which fell from Adam when he was cast on to the Isle of Serendib?

## Reason for Fear.

BY J. J.

NOT quite four years ago, feeling myself well off in worldly affairs, and in need of a little relaxation from my business, I determined to undertake a trip to Europe. Now, at my time of life (for I am a little over fifty), and for a man who had never been out of the limits of his native State, this was no slight undertaking. Some of my friends thought it would be better for me to travel through my own country, and see that, before going off to foreign lands, and told me that if I had any money to spend in sight-seeing, I ought to spend it in America, instead of carrying it abroad. But I paid no attention to these suggestions; I was thoroughly imbued with the American idea that my native country could not compare with Europe in its attractions, and that it was far more important that I should know London and Paris than New York and Boston.

To Europe, then, I determined to go, and accordingly set about making my preparations for the journey. In due time I was ready, and soon I had passed Cape Cod, on one of the Cunard steamers, and was fairly en route for Liverpool.

When I arrived in England I set myself to work to accomplish the object of my journey—to see all that I could; and, in doing so, I attracted much attention. I made many acquaintances, and was told by them that I was the best representative of my nation they had ever seen. In curiosity, and a determination to gratify that feeling, I think I was. I spared no pains to see all the sights and hear all the gossip that came in my way. This characteristic at last brought me into an awkward predicament, which I purpose to describe in the following anecdote.

One morning while I was in London, I started out for a walk. I had heard a great deal of the famous palace which the Rothschilds were building, and I went out on this peculiar morning for the purpose of seeing it. I soon reached it; and, through the kindness of the master builder, was shown over it. I had finished my inspection, and was standing on the side-walk, gazing at it with undisguised admiration, when I noticed a gentleman, a few feet from me, watching the building. He was a fat, portly old fellow, with a good humored face, in spite of his haughty look, and I thought, from his appearance, he might be the contractor for the work, and I determined to accost him, and gain what information I could.

"Good morning, sir," I said, approaching him. He bowed politely, but without speaking.

"I am a stranger here, sir," I went on.

"You are from America?" he said, smiling.

"Indeed I am," I replied, "and I'm proud of it, I assure you. I have been looking over this building, and I would like to ask you for some information concerning it."

"I shall be happy to oblige you," he said, politely. He was very kind in telling me much that was of interest. At last I said, abruptly,—

"I suppose you have seen Rothschild, sir?"

"Which one?" he asked.

"The old cock," I replied.

"I see the old cock every day," he replied, dryly, giving me a strange glance.

"By George, I should like to have a look at him!" I went on. "People say he's a gay old chap, and lives high. I wish I had him in my power,—I'd not let him get away until he had shelled out a pile of his money."

The old gentleman burst into a laugh.

"Baron Rothschild had to work for his money, and deserves to enjoy it," he said at length, when he had got over his merriment.

"Maybe so," I remarked; "but I reckon he did a heap of gouging and squeezing to get it."

The old man's face flushed.

"I never heard the honesty of the house called in question," he said, stiffly.

"Didn't you? Well, to tell the truth, neither did I. But I wouldn't be surprised if I'm right, after all. It's in the blood of his race, you know. Ever since the days of Judas Iscariot, the Jews have had a hankering after pieces of silver."

The old man's face grew as black as a thunder-cloud, and he bit his lip without speaking.

"People tell me," I continued, not heeding this, for I thought it was natural that the old fellow should be annoyed at anything said against his employers, "people tell me that the Rothschilds have made two fortunes. Now, as most people can only make one, I feel somewhat interested to learn the manner in which this was done. Can you tell me, sir?"

The old man's face brightened instantly, and he replied smilingly, with more politeness than he had yet manifested—

"Certainly, sir. People do say that the house of Rothschilds made one fortune by being careful to mind their own business, and the other by letting that of other people's alone. Good morning, sir."

With an elegant bow, he turned and left me staring at him in blank amazement. I began to "smell a rat," and I looked for some one from whom to ask the old gentleman's name. He had stopped at the upper end of the building, and was giving some directions to a workman.

I saw a handsome man of about thirty standing a short distance from me, looking at the building. I liked his face, and I went up to him

"Excuse me for troubling you, sir," I said, "but I am a stranger in the country, and would like to ask you a question."

"I shall be happy to give you any information in my power," he said, politely.

"Then can you tell me the name of that old gentleman?" I asked, pointing to my sarcastic acquaintance.

"Certainly," he replied. "That is Baron Rothschild, the head of the house of the name."

"Whew!" I exclaimed, in astonishment; "I've got myself into a tarnation scrape then."

"What is the matter?" asked my new friend, curiously.

I told him what had occurred between the baron and myself. He laughed heartily, and remarked, pleasantly, when I had concluded—

"That was awkward."

"He's a crusty old chap," I said, considerably vexed. "He's as cross as a bear."

"Oh, that's only his way," replied my companion. He is a good, kind hearted man, but is rather eccentric."

"I should say so," I replied.

The gentleman asked me a great many questions concerning America, and seemed interested and amused by my answers.

"Do you know Baron Rothschild?" I asked at length.

"I have met with him several times," was the reply; "and I have an appointment to wait upon him at his office to-day."

"Then I wish you'd say to him," I went on, "that I did not know to whom I was talking to-day, or I would not have said so much; and that he need not have been so huffish about it."

"I will do it," replied my acquaintance, laughing. "You must not mind him. He was a little nettled at it, but will be the first to laugh at the adventure when he recovers his good-humor. Good morning."

With a bow and a pleasant smile he left me.

Just then a workman passed me. I stopped him, and asked if he could tell me the name of the gentleman who had just left me.

"That was one of the younger Rothschilds," he said, with——"

I waited to hear no more, but pulling my hat down over my eyes, set off at once for my lodgings. I was absolutely afraid to speak to a stranger for a week, for fear he might be a Rothschild.

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HOOD'S LETTERS TO CHILDREN.—The following quotations are from some comical letters written to a friend's children at the sea-side:

"My dear Jennie,—So you are at Sandgate! If you should catch a big crab, with long claws, and like experiments, you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and see whether he will break it with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find jelly-fish on the beach, made, it seemed to me, of sea-calves' feet and no sherry. There were star fish also, but they did not shine till they were stinking. I hope you are like the sea. I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up and sell it for ginger-pop. When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet oil out of the cruet all over it, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth—much smoother than a dressed salad. Some time ago there used to be large white birds with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them gulls, but they did not mind it. Well, how happy you must be! Childhood is such a joyous, merry time, and I often wish I was two or three children; and wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees. And oh! how I should climb up the downs and roll down the ups on my three backs and stomachs!"

But it is in the letter to the youngest that we have the finest flashes of imagination:

"My dear May,—How do you like the sea? Not much, perhaps, it is 'so big.' But shouldn't you like a nice little ocean that you could put into a pan? Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your little two shoes into pumps full of water? Have you been bathed yet in the sea?—and were you afraid? I was the first time; and, dear me, how I kicked and screamed! or at least meant to scream; but the sea, ships and all, began to run into my mouth, and so I shut up. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab for an hour a day to teach baby to crawl if he can't walk, and if I was his mamma I would, too! Bless him. But I must not write on him any more, he is so soft, and I have nothing but steel pens. And now good-bye! The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you; but the wind changed, and, I'm afraid, took them all to Miss H——, or somebody that it should not."

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LEARNED PIG—ROAST.—A letter from Moscow says that one of the great attractions of the old Russian capital for some time past has been a "learned pig." The grunter, which seems to do some very wonderful tricks, has been educated by M. Tanty himself, the proprietor of Tanty's Circus, and is regarded by him with a good deal of affection. Three very rich merchants, who wanted to do something truly Lucullian in the shape of an unusually rare and expensive banquet, came to the resolution that they would buy Tanty's learned pig if it were to be got for money. The daring proposition was carried into effect. The proprietor was waited upon, allowed himself to be talked over into selling the beast, and received as its price three thousand roubles. The pig was duly delivered, was entrusted to the skilful handling of an eminent chef, and served up at table, to the amazement of the guests, at the famous "learned pig." The three virtuosos were complimented on the splendid originality of their conception; and the pig, in spite of the scholarship with which it was supposed to be weighted, proved exceedingly palatable. On the next day however, to the chagrin of the three entertainers, and perhaps of their guests, the walls in Moscow bore the daily placard inviting the citizens to go and see "Tanty and his learned pig." The indignant merchants held a council, called upon M. Tanty, and expostulated. "Gentleman," he explained, "at the last moment I heard that you wanted the pig for a dinner. I thought it very unconscientious in me to take so large a sum for a tough old porker; so I procured the very best and dearest I could get, and substituted it for the bad one."

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## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A law has just gone into force in Washington prohibiting any building over 110 feet high on business streets, or over 90 feet high on other streets. This action was taken when it was found that the upper stories of a new flat building 160 high could not be reached by any engine or series of ladders in the city.

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There is a concern down in the old French quarter in New York that undertakes to restore shrunken flannel garments to their original size. Customers are instructed to indicate the original size of the garment to be treated and the size to which it is to be restored, but they are cautioned against asking that a garment be stretched to any size larger than the original.

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Girls in Japan are as much devoted to their dolls as their little sisters of other races. The third day of the third month is the doll festival, when every little girl receives presents of dolls from all her friends and has a doll show in her house. There are also beautiful exhibitions of dressed dolls in certain streets in all the towns and cities, and the whole population turns out to celebrate the day and entertain the little folk.

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At Mostar, in the Herzegovina, a husband and wife have met with a most extraordinary death together. The wife went to the wine cellar to fetch a mug of strong new wine for her husband's supper, and as the enormous cask was not full she leaned over and fell into it. Her husband immediately dropped in after her to save her, and both were drowned in a few minutes. Their property is valued at $100,000, but they lived as simple peasants.

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The Paris police have discovered a remarkable hotel in the Faubourg St. Antoine. It was a resort of thieves. The rooms had double ceilings, the floors had trap-doors and all the drawers in the furniture had false bottoms. Large quantities of jewels, money, securities and plunder generally were discovered. During the search the maid servant in the kitchen threw something into the soup. The soup was strained and proved to contain diamond rings.

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Nasturtium Solpic, an eccentric citizen of north New York, who goes about with a horse and open buggy, but never gets inside the vehicle, either riding on the horse or leading it, has secured from a dealer in curios a huge Chinese vase of light blue porcelain. This now occupies the front seat of the buggy, and out of it comes a pole, on top of which is chained a large pink and white cockatoo. Mr. Solpic, under the circumstances, now attracts more notice than ever on his daily shopping tour.

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Near Lamia, in Phthiotes, lately, a commission to investigate brigandage, consisting of a judge, a public prosecutor and two secretaries, escorted by mounted gendarmes, was captured by the brigands, under their chief, Papakyritsopoulo. The judge and the prosecutor were carried off toward Mount Othrys, while the Governor of the province was warned by the brigands to take no steps against them till the prisoners had been ransomed. In spite of this, troops were sent after them, who exterminated the band, but not until the kidnapped officials had been killed.

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Lieutenant Guyot, of the French army, who recently rode on a bicycle to Constantinople and back, had a hard experience in Turkey, where he was only able to make 30 miles in three days. In that time he had nothing to eat, but four hard-boiled eggs with vinegar, and muddy water with a little raki to drink. The natives insisted upon getting his machine, and he had great trouble with the dogs. In Bulgaria there were no roads at all, though some were pegged out, and the mud was very sticky. He rode 1850 miles without stopping, except to eat, sleep and have his machine mended, yet he was 73 days on the way.

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A strange story is told about the probable fate of two of the crew of the fishing schooner John M. Keen, which arrived in Boston recently. On the afternoon of September 29th, John Matheson, of Boston, and Howard Smith, of Halifax, went out in a dory to haul trawls. Soon after they had pulled away from the vessel they harpooned a swordfish, which towed them out to sea. Probably the big fish proved too much for the men, for they did not return to the vessel, and, although they may have cut loose from the fish and been picked up, the captain of the Keen has heard nothing from them. Their chances were made worse by the fact that on the morning of September 30th a heavy gale was blowing.

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William Hardman, a horse-breeder from Idaho, recently brought to New York several carloads of horses to be sold. There was a strain of Hambletonian blood in the animals, and they were of a brand well known among the ranchmen of Idaho. The fate that befell Hardman, however, illustrates in what a bad condition the horse market of this country is. After being in New York a week he found he could dispose of only three carloads, leaving him with about 70 head on his hands, and a feed bill growing to alarming size daily. Now a constable is to sell his horses to pay the feed bill, something over $200, and his freight bill, $1400, and Hardman is wondering if he will have to walk back to Idaho, though he arrived with $150 in his pocket. His experience proves that ordinary horses will not bring the cost of freight from the far West, at this time, though in former years great numbers of Western horses were sold in New York at a good profit.

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IN England there are 114 widows to every 54 widowers. In Italy there relative numbers (per 1000 women and 1000 men) are 136 and 60; in France, 130 and 73; in Germany, 130.5 and 59; in Austria, 121 and 34.

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TOMBS.—The Egyptians bestowed great labor on their tombs and little on their homes. They regarded the latter as mere temporary abodes, but the former they looked on as eternal habitations.

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# PATENTS

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There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., represents a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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# Our Young Folks.

## THE GOLDEN SLIPPER.

BY R. K.

TOM SURREY sat on an upturned fish-basket on the beach at Earlshaven. He was fixing the mast in a little cutter-yacht which he was finishing.

Tom's brother, Joe, who was four years younger than himself, sat close by, watching Tom with all his eyes.

"I do hope she'll win the race, Tom. Only fancy—a guinea! It's a big prize, ain't it? Mother would be so glad!"

"Well, she'll try her best to win, anyhow," Tom replied. "There are a lot of boats in for the race, though," he added, "and it's sure to be a hard fight."

The two lads were so absorbed, Tom Surrey in working and Joe in watching, that neither noticed the approach of a gentleman until he was quite close. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow, with a sunburnt face and bright gray eyes.

He looked down at Tom for a few moments, and then said:

"You've modelled that boat splendidly, my lad."

"I'm glad you think so, sir. She's intended for a race," Tom answered.

"Indeed! Oh, to be sure; I had forgotten. I suppose you mean to enter her for that prize Captain Gaskett is giving at the regatta on Monday?"

"Yes, sir. The race is to be for boats that have been made by boys themselves in the town."

"It's a good idea, and a pretty one. What is your boat's name to be?"

"We are thinking of calling her the Golden Slipper, after a fishing-sloop from Deal that carried everything before her at our regatta last year."

"And what is your own name?"

Tom told the gentleman.

"You're a fisherman's or boatman's sons, no doubt?"

"Father was a fisherman, sir, but he died last year. I help the men in odd ways, and go out with them too sometimes; and Joe helps mother at home. But it's changed times with us since father died. That's why I'm so very anxious to win the prize."

"Well, I hope to see the Golden Slipper win, too. If she's as fast as she is pretty, she certainly will," said Mr. Arthur Sharwood—for that was the gentleman's name; and with a nod and a pleasant smile to the boys, he walked on.

On the afternoon of the same day the Golden Slipper was finished, and the brothers launched her from the beach.

Then they both jumped into an old dinghy, which a fisherman whose boats and nets Tom usually helped to clean had lent them for the occasion, and accompanied the little ship on her first voyage.

The Golden Slipper, with her bowsprit pointed for the open sea, rode over the gently undulating waves like a cork, and cut the water like a razor.

"I think she should make a good show, at any rate, if she doesn't win; but there's half a dozen fellows alongshore who ought to be able to make as good a yacht as me, any day," said Tom.

"Oh, I do hope she'll win, Tom!" said Joe eagerly.

This was on a Friday, and the regatta came off on the following Monday. The morning proved a perfect one for an aquatic festival, with just enough wind for the sailing boats, and not too rough a sea for the rowers.

It forms no part of my story to describe the regatta in detail. The race with which we are immediately interested was among the last on the programme. As many as a dozen boys, all "longshore lads"—that is, fishermen's or boatmen's sons who worked about the beach—had either made boats for the occasion, or possessed them already, and had entered them for Captain Gaskett's prize.

The little yachts were to be taken out into the bay in rowing boats to a distance of about half a mile, and then allowed to sail back to the land. The breeze was blowing from the sea, so that the tiny fleet would be able to hold very nearly a straight course for the beach.

Old Ned Royce, the fisherman for whom Tom Surrey chiefly worked, undertook to take the Golden Slipper out and start her with the others, and Tom and Joe were to await her arrival on the beach.

The race was exciting a great deal of interest, not only among the youthful population of Earlshaven, but among the boatmen and fishermen, and even among the summer visitors.

Tom and Joe had noticed that their beach acquaintance of a day or two back had been rowing about all the morning in a skiff, watching the progress of the regatta, and that now he drew up in line with the boats from which the little yachts were to be started. Behind the rowing-boats was a crowd of sailing craft, all of which were pressing as near as possible, in order that their occupants might see the miniature yacht race.

The signal for the start was given, and all together the little yachts slipped into the water and headed for the shore.

For some minutes they kept close together, and at this stage they made a very pretty sight, the brilliant afternoon sunshine gleaming on the white sails and turning them to gold, the tiny many-colored flags streaming from the peak of each boat, and the whole looking like a fairy fleet, setting out on a voyage to some enchanted island.

But presently the boats separated; two or three forged gradually to the front, while others dropped behind. The sailing powers of the several little vessels began to be discovered, and soon it became evident to the onlookers that final victory lay between three of them only. Of these three, one was the good ship Golden Slipper.

The three foremost yachts kept almost abreast until rather more than half the course was completed.

Then little by little the Golden Slipper drew ahead, slowly, but steadily, while between the other two boats there was not an inch to choose as to which was in front.

The rowing-boats from which the little yachts had been started were now following the race, the men in them cheering on their favorite, as if that sort of encouragement would actually increase the speed of this or that yacht. Mr. Sharwood was rowing well in front, keeping in a line with the Golden Slipper, and watching her progress with the liveliest interest. Possibly he was rowing rather too close, or it may be that what now happened would have happened in any case.

Behind the crowd of sailing craft a small tug steamer, which had accompanied the race for first-class yachts earlier in the day, was now puffing slowly hither and thither. As those on board of her wished to get a glimpse of the boys'-boats race, the captain steamed as near as circumstances would permit. The result was that the long uneasy wash from the steamer huddled the rowing boats together, so that their crews were obliged to use their oars with considerable vigor in order to avoid fouling each other.

Mr. Sharwood, in his light skiff, naturally felt the wash from the steamer still more than the heavy fishermen's boats did, but in his interest in the race did not pay much attention, until suddenly the long undulating swell caught up his skiff, bore it sideways and forward, and before he was able to do anything to prevent it, he was in the midst of the little yachts, and had dashed violently against the Golden Slipper.

Everybody saw the accident, and it was clear to all that but for its occurrence the Surreys' yacht would have won the race. The collision had smashed her mast and bowsprit, and had brought down all her sailing gear in a hopeless wreck, and in this pitiful condition the tide slowly drifted the poor little ship to the beach.

Tom and Joe Surrey waded out to receive their disabled boat, which five minutes before had looked so gay and gallant, and as though she were aware that victory would soon be hers.

What the brothers' feelings were as they caught up the shattered boat, and beheld the second yacht sailing quietly in to claim the prize which should have fallen to the Golden Slipper, I think I can leave my young readers to imagine.

The same evening, while Tom and Joe were sorrowfully seated at their humble supper in the one room which composed their home, too downcast even to care to speak about the misfortune that had befallen them in the afternoon, a knock came to the door, and Mr. Sharwood entered.

He immediately commenced to address Mrs. Surrey.

"I've had some difficulty in finding your house, Mrs. Surrey. I want to tell you and the two boys how very sorry I am about my share in the mishap this afternoon. There is the guinea which the Golden Slipper would, beyond all doubt, have won. Pray accept it. The accident was almost entirely my fault, and the money is justly your sons'. And now I have come to mention another matter. I am starting on a yachting trip to the South of Europe in a week: I am in want of a cabin-boy. Everybody in the place speaks well of your son Tom. I want to know if he would like to take the place."

Tom Surrey was only too glad to accept the offer, and his berth as cabin boy on board Mr. Sharwood's yacht led to higher things, and he is now one of the smartest yachting sailors in the country.

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IN NAPLES.—Look how the Neapolitans subscribe money when any special call is made upon them. When Ischia was wrecked by the earthquake, there seemed likely to be no end to the thousands of "lire" which poured in upon the relief committee. Those who had not money gave of what they had; here a bed, or a coat, a packet of macaroni, or the work of their hands gratis. One and all they gave tears, which were perhaps the most precious donation of all. If I were in distress, and in need of consolatory help, I would rather be in Naples than anywhere else. Even the sky seems loth to inconvenience the man whose means will not enable him to sleep under a tiled roof.

I would a good deal rather trust to the heart of a Neapolitan than to his honor. Some doubt if there is much of what we call "honor" in Naples. But that is far too comprehensive an implication. I would prefer to say that the average Neapolitan lacks moral backbone.

The helpless foreigner is bullied, perhaps, nowhere as he—more often "she"—is bullied in Naples. The Camorra is one reason of it, and the inherent lust of illicit gains is another. The Camorra is not so iniquitous a secret society as the Mafia of Sicily; but it works in much the same way. Of old it was "an association of criminals," and had to "control and keep in touch with all the dangerous classes of the city." But it is now merely an organized system of peculation, whereby those who belong to it are enabled to rob those who do not, without proceeding to actual violence.

There are no streets in the world to compare for cheery vivacity with those of Naples. In Canton and elsewhere in China the population is denser; but from all accounts it has nothing of the invigorating stir which makes Neapolitan life so much of a cordial. Pedestrians and carriages are all in a conglomerate, and it amazes me to think how, after two months of the life, I contrived to leave the city without once having my toes run over by the merry madcaps of Neapolitan jarvies. Certainly the multitudinous brass bells of the horses are an effectual warning of their approach. But that is only half the battle when you are in a street not more than ten feet wide, with men and women all jostling each other to get along.

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A HINT FOR THE YOUNG.—"I know of no principle," says Sydney Smith, "which it is of more importance to fix in the habits of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give not up to the world, nor to the ridicule with which it enforces its dominion over every trifling question of manner and appearance. Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule. If you think it right to differ from the times and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wears a soul of his own in his bosom, and does not wait until it shall be breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean if you know you are just, hypocritical if you are honestly religious, pusillanimous if you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause."

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THRIFT AND ENTERPRISE.—As it is undoubtedly the case that in the highest moral character and in the finest intellectual development very opposite virtues and endowments must co-exist; so in the business of life qualities that seem almost contradictory are needful for the best success. Perhaps there are hardly any two qualifications which are at once more essential to properity, and yet more widely different in their nature, than thrift and enterprise. They spring from opposite types of character, they move in contrary directions, they suggest conflicting methods, and inspire dissimilar aims. The one is cautious, the other daring; the one sober, the other enthusiastic; the one calm and patient, the other eager and impetuous; the one makes sure of a little, the other is willing to risk much

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Oklahoma now has a monthly magazine.

Delaware is nick-named the Blue Hen State

Russia's wealth is estimated at $31,715,000,000

The Island of Ceylon is called the Pearl of India.

Mummies are sometimes enveloped in 1000 yards of bandages.

Only one out of every fifteen persons has both eyes in good condition.

Tanned elephant skin is over an inch thick and brings very high prices.

Life insurance is more popular in America than in any other country.

There will not be a total eclipse of the sun until the twenty-first century.

Stamps for making goods were in use at Rome before the Christian era

Mummy cases have often, on the external lid, a representation of the occupant.

The electric light has been introduced into the large villages of far-off Afghanistan.

The value of the butter exportation from France averages nearly $17,000,000 a year.

Among the relics shown in an Italian monastery is a piece of a net used by St. Peter

The Italian alphabet consists of 22 letters, similar to the English, omitting k, w, q and y

Carrier pigeons, as adjuncts to military service, cost Russia, Germany and France $60,000 annually.

The corn crop in the West is large enough this year to allow 220 bushels to every man, woman and child.

France derived 950,000 francs last year from the tax on cycles, the number of machines being 182,276.

A Boston chiropodist says that too short or otherwise ill fitting hosiery causes more corns than boots and shoes.

The largest chestnut-tree known is the "chestnut of the hundred horses" growing on Mt. Etna. It measures 204 feet in circumference

Artificial legs and arms were in use in Egypt as early as 700 B. C. They were made by the priests, who were the physicians of that early time.

In Normandy not fewer than five thousand differently-named varieties of the acid or bitter apple are known and grown for the manufacture of cider.

Venzuela means "Little Venice," so named from the Indian huts built on piles which the first discoverers found in the shallow waters of Lake Maracaibo.

The oldest of modern lighthouses is the Tour de Cordouan, at the mouth of the Garonne, founded in 1584, completed in 1610—nearly a century earlier than the first Eddystone

Joliet, Ill., is booking a fine of $100 a day against each of the six railroads which pass through the place, because they neglect to obey an ordinance for the elevation of the tracks.

The bees of Brazil hang their combs outside on the branches of trees, at the very summit of the tree and the end of the slenderest twig, so as to be out of the reach of the monkeys.

Notions as to the solar spots are of very ancient date, Ovid and Virgil speaking of them, and Chinese astronomers having observed them from the year 301 to the year 1205 of our era.

The year 1894 has been marked in England by a veritable marrying boom; the registration of marriages for seven months of the year shows a larger number than in any year since 1883.

The so-called raft-spider is amongst the largest of the British species, and the globular cocoon, which the female carries about with her, may contain as many as several hundred of eggs.

An English committee of sportsmen and naturalists is taking in hand the protection of South African mammals—the giraffe, zebra, eland, gnu, koodoo and other antelopes—against their threatened extinction.

Corea is not yet in the enlightened stage, but is getting there. When a death occurs in a family in that country every resource is drained to provide an imposing funeral, and many families for years do not get out of the debts thus incurred.

Cambridge, Mass., had recently a veritable shower of frogs. Tens of thousands of them fell over a small area. They were well formed, and almost black in color. They appeared as in a moment, and the streets and sidewalks fairly swarmed with them.

A countryman was so impressed with a gas stove on exhibition in a city store that he invested in one, although there was no gas in the small village in which he lived. He did not know why the thing would not work until he made a second trip to the city with his complaint.

### KISS ME.

BY W. W. L.

Kiss me, darling, let your lips
Be to me love's sacred part,
Of the passion in my soul,
Of the rapture in my heart.

Kiss me, darling, let your eyes,
Lovely eyes, gaze into mine,
While, like worshiper of old,
Kneel I at your shrine.

Kiss me, darling, let my heart
Be your tireless place of rest;
Open wide are all its doors,
Come and be love's guest.

### WOMEN IN TURKEY.

In years gone by Moslem women did not come up to the standard of education of their Christian sisters. But Turkish girls have now the same educational advantages as those enjoyed by Greeks and Armenians. Every village has its school for girls, every city its college for young women. Constantinople is to-day, through the care of His Imperial Majesty Abd-ul-Hamid II., as much an educational centre as any of the university cities of Europe.

American ladies have come to Constantinople, says one writer, with introductions from friends in America and urgent requests to be presented to the ladies of my father's harem. Their glimpses have proved a revelation to them, and produced feelings of mingled surprise and disappointment. They expected to enter a hall with no chairs or tables, but a profusion of rugs and cushions, a turbaned man sitting cross-legged in a corner, smoking his long pipe, while his numerous wives sang and danced for his enjoyment. Instead, they find a salon furnished entirely in European style, with costly Turkish rugs, fine pictures, and bric-a-brac galore. Instead of "a crowd of women wearing baggy trousers and talking an outlandish tongue," they meet a charming lady, the only wife of their host, and her three daughters, all dressed in the latest styles of London, and all fluently speaking French as well as English.

In fact, with the exception of the eastern luxury of their surroundings and the oriental warmth of their hospitality, everything is thoroughly European. This is the style of life to which women in Cairo and Constantinople, thanks to their higher education, are inevitably drifting.

The Turkish gentleman, if he desires, may marry only one wife, and within the sacred precincts of home his wife and daughters may dress in Worth gowns, give receptions to ladies (only ladies), and ride and drive in their own private park, like any lady on Rotten Row. But when it comes to outside life, Islamism steps in, and Lady Jemileh, of Constantinople, has to halt, while the lady of Tokio goes away ahead of her.

I was often asked in America how love and courtship could be possible in Turkey, when our dear girls had to cover their pretty faces before men and be always handicapped by rules by which the men are excluded from the society of women, unless they are near relatives. Of course, we do not have in Turkey the privilege of taking our sweetheart to the theatre and then to a petit souper, nor are we allowed to call and prolong our visit to a late hour, as I found to be the custom with some Americans. But in spite of veils we do see and fall in love, and notwithstanding rules we do court and wed our choice.

The ancient custom of old women coming together and fixing up matches for their children, without considering the desires of the bride and groom elect, is becoming obsolete. Polygamists have to provide a separate home for each wife, and what with education in the higher classes and financial stress in the lower classes, polygamy is at a decided discount and is being rapidly abandoned, as is also the practice of keeping "household slaves."

The house of a Moslem is always divided into two separate parts, the haaremlik and the selamlik. If the husband gives a dinner he can invite only gentlemen, and the guests can never intrude into the haaremlik. If the wife gives a reception, no gentlemen are admitted to disturb the harmony. The husband may invite his Christian friends, with their wives and daughters, but his wife is not accorded the same privilege, and must be content to know about men by hearsay. For the same reason, in all the mosques, theatres, horse-cars, ferries, etc., special places are provided for women.

When our giddy young ladies start the fashion of wearing very thin veils, a decree from the chief of our Church advises that they be compelled to wear something more than cob-webs over their faces. The yasmak, or veil, will never be abandoned.

ANOTHER CURE.—Some trusting soul has written to the Secretary of the Anti-Sedentary Club to know how to cure dyspepsia. His reply may do suffering thousands good: "Never eat a meal when you are tired. Either sit down or lie down ten or fifteen minutes to rest before eating, if you have been walking or doing anything of an exciting nature. Half of the cases of dyspepsia are due to nervous debility. Eggs if eaten three times a day for any length of time will produce biliousness and often dyspepsia. Never go to bed with cold feet. Gentle exercise before retiring is conducive to sweet slumber and a healthy digestion. Exercise a little before breakfast and never eat oatmel with sour cream. Avoid stimulants, for they give only false appetite and no relief. Do not swallow hastily ice water. Better not use ice water at all. Never eat in a hurry. Avoid quick lunches. Exercise moderately every day in the open air and healthy digestion will drive away dyspepsia. These are the hygienic rules of the club."

HER COMPOSITION.—A Boston girl was asked the other day to write a composition on how to build a fire, and this is what she wrote:

"First open all the drafts, then crumple two newspapers and lay on bottom of the grate. Then lay soft wood so that the ends come to the ends of the firebox; then lay hard wood crosswise and then put on a little coal.

"Leave the drafts open so as the air can come in and make the fire burn and let the smoke pass up the chimney. When it kindles add a little more coal and when the flame changes from a blue to a yellowish or whitish color, then be sure to shut the oven damper."

## Grains of Gold.

No man is any stronger than his weak spot.

Every drunkard was once a moderate drinker.

The only thing that can really hurt any man or nation is sin.

Shadows have no claws, but they have frightened many people to death.

Just as surely as there is sin in the heart there will be sins in the life.

If some people had money enough they would vex themselves to death.

A genius is a man who does something that others say cannot be done.

The man who builds a house tells the whole neighborhood something about himself.

Men are made rich, not by what the world can give, but by what it can't take away.

If you want to find a pleasure greater than making money, try giving some of it away.

When it turns black everywhere else, you can find plenty of light by looking straight up.

Nobody wants to keep a runaway horse, but many keep a runaway temper and think nothing of it.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

Talking about charity beginning at home, is one of the ways by which we can let people know that we have none.

## Femininities.

Love never turns back because it sees a mountain or hears a lion roar.

"Kind words can never die," but they get very tired when they are not appreciated.

Berlin is to have an international matrimonial newspaper, printed in three languages.

One half the want is caused by people looking at this, that, and the other useful employment as not being genteel.

"How did Blinkers so easily win Miss Coldcash's heart?" "He sent her eighteen roses on her twenty fifth birthday."

Queen Victoria is only one out of thirty odd European sovereigns who has a great-grandson in the direct line of succession.

An eccentric Southern woman dated her will 1789 instead of 1889, but the Court has decided that this does not impair its validity.

If folks could be as patient under little vexations as under big griefs, this world wouldn't be so much a tragedy. But they can't.

A 9-year-old New York girl rescued a baby one day lately from its drunken mother, who was attempting to beat its brains out on the pavement.

Mabel: "How did you manage for partners at the hop?" Flo: "We dispensed with the music and danced with members of the orchestra."

Betsy Shelton, of Henderson, Ky., is said to be 96 years old, and the parent of 14 children, 117 grandchildren, 282 great-grandchildren and 19 great-great-grandchildren.

A Georgia colored woman decided to commit suicide on Wednesday by drowning, but, by the time she had waded in up to her waist, her courage forsook her and she returned to land.

West Field: "My wife has had a call from nearly every lady in Hensonburst, and we've been there only a fortnight." Morrison Essex: "Oh, yes; I believe you told me before that you bought all new furniture."

A woman who had lost her way on the street in London recently, paid 3 pence and had herself conducted by special messenger from the Post Office to her home, where a receipt for her was duly obtained.

"My dear," said the fond wife, "when we were engaged, I always slept with your last letter under my pillow."

"And I," murmured her husband, "I, too, often went to sleep over your letters."

At a recent banquet in Denver given in honor of the women candidates for the Legislature, a local wag offered this toast: "To the women of Colorado: God bless 'em. Formerly our superiors; now our equals."

For the first time in the history of Scottish universities two young women—Miss Marion Gilchrist, of Bothwell, and Miss Alice Cumming, of Glasgow—have received the degree of Bachelor of Medicine and Master in Surgery.

Miss Carbart: "Our acquaintance has been so short that I feel I ought to know more about you before I consent to become your wife." Pelham Parker, stiffly: "Very well, I can refer you to any of the girls I have been engaged to."

The very newest fad among cremationists is that of a New York widow, who wears in a tiny locket over her heart a pinch of the ashes of her husband. She makes no secret of her belief that this is an act of profound devotion.

It is very often the case that a beautiful woman is by her beauty alone made the ugliest of her species—because the charms which should woo the angels, modesty and good-humor, sometimes become the boon of coquetry, affectation and folly.

The London Post Office requires men to have every unsound tooth in their heads pulled out before they are eligible for employment as postmen. The other day an unfortunate girl clerk was condemned to have fourteen teeth extracted before she was eligible for promotion.

They buried a Western copper-miner with due reverence, and the widow suggested as a suitable inscription on the tombstone, "His work is o'er." But the stonecutter thought that an orthographical error had been made, and that the inscription would read more appropriately, "His work was ore."

A Chicago criminal owes his escape from the penitentiary to the cleverness and devotion of his sister. She managed to administer to him, unknown to the prison officials, a drug which gave him every appearance of a violent attack of inflammatory rheumatism. The woman then went to the Judge and by telling him the condition of the prisoner secured a suspension of sentence.

The Empress of Austria is said to submit herself to the severest regimen in order to retain the beautiful figure for which she is noted. She fasts morning and evening, making her only regular meal at noon, of grilled meat, biscuits, and a glass of wine. Occasionally she will eat, perhaps, a raw egg or a little fruit. She wears flannel underwear winter and summer, takes vapor baths and massage, and by dint of all this and much horseback-riding is said to keep a waist-measure of twenty inches, in spite of her fifty-six years.

## Masculinities.

No man is any stronger than his weak spot.

A man never gets so poor that he can't borrow trouble without security.

"Papa, what is a fad?" "A fad, my son, is somebody else's peculiarity."

A New York widow is said to wear a pinch of her husband's cremated remains in a locket.

It is said that a German insured a lot of cigars against fire, smoked them and then sued for insurance money.

J. E. Winner, whose "Little Brown Jug" has heightened the conviviality of many a gathering for a generation or so, is a total abstainer.

According to the New York Herald the sum total of the taxes paid by the Populist members of the Colorado State Government is only $37.

Rev. Dr. Houghton, of New York, recently celebrated the 48th anniversary of his pastorate of the famous "Little Church Around the Corner."

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Brockmyer, of St. Louis, wants to send 1000 mocking birds to Europe to learn the nightingale's song and teach it to their mates here.

M. Max Lebaudy, who is establishing bull fights at Maisons Laffite, near Paris, is a member of the French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

At a recent wedding in Mokane, Mo., the groom's name was Abraham Lincoln Strickland and that of the officiating clergyman was Jefferson Davis Greer.

A Chicago man who has just returned from a visit to London was surprised, on taking supper with William Morris, to discover that the poet ate liver and bacon.

Spectator: "Call that a dwarf? Why he is over five feet high!" Showman: "That is just the most curious feature about him. In fact, he is the biggest dwarf in the world."

Tommy: "Paw, what is bigamy?" Mr. Figg: "It has reference to a man having too many wives. It has nothing to do, however, with a man's wife being too many for him."

"Is this seat taken?" asked a sudden chap of a lady in the train.

"No," she said; "but you will be—by the neck—if you wait till my husband comes back."

What Berlin papers consider the tallest man in the world is now to be seen in that city—Hassan Ali, an Arabian, who is only 16 years old, and is said to be 9 feet 2 inches in height.

A San Francisco dog wears glasses. The Bulletin, of that city, says: "The dog does not seem to suffer special inconveniences, but wears the spectacles with ease and even gracefulness."

Bismarck is the hero of twenty duels, fought in three terms. He was wounded once, and then by accident, the blade of his adversary flying from the handle and striking him in the face.

Thomas Kite, sexton of the Stratford-on-Avon Church, who recently celebrated his 85th birthday, succeeded his father as custodian of Shakspeare's tomb, and his grandfather held the same office.

Hubby: "Well, I guess I'll have to shave."

Wifey: "Wait till Willie leaves the room. It is so hard to break him of bad words when once he gets started on them."

Sir Andrew Clark, President of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, has advised that each mouthful of food should receive 32 bites—that is, one for every tooth—if one wishes to avoid dyspepsia.

One of the four Viziers recently convicted of a conspiracy against the Sultan Abdul Aziz, of Morocco, has 280 children, more or less. His estates were confiscated, but the lenient Sultan allotted out of them $100 to each of the children.

At Schillgallen, in Germany, lately, an old gentleman of 72, named Mormon Junkles, who had already buried three wives, proposed to a fourth. She told him he was too old, whereupon he went into the neighboring forest and hanged himself.

Prof. W. S. Wyman, of the University of Alabama, thinks the "O. K." is derived from the Choctaw word "Okeh," meaning all right. The usually accepted belief is that these letters were old "General" Jackson's abbreviation for "Oll Korrect."

At Herr Bolle's famous dairy in Berlin the milk is strained through a wire sieve with a cloth, over which fine gravel is spread. After the milk is strained, the gravel is put in a hot oven, that any germs that may have been possibly strained from the milk may be destroyed.

The Czar of Russia is very devout. He carries religion into every ceremonial of his official life. When the keel of his new yacht was laid, several months ago, it began with religious services, in which the Czar kissed the prelate's hand and was sprinkled with holy water. After this he remained for about a quarter of an hour with the Empress engaged in silent prayer in front of the altar.

### LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Accordion plaiting is again very popular. One costume was in beige cloth, the skirt being without garniture. A close-fitting corsage of beige cloth has accordion-plaited epaulettes. A band of beige, embroidered in brown, conceals the seam, uniting these epaulettes to the bodice. A similar band extends down the centre of the front, from the neck to the yoke line. The bouffante sleeve is divided into two puffs by a row of shirring, and an accordion-plaited ruffle inserted between the two falls almost to the edge of the lower one. The collar and belt are composed of brown satin, the collar being full, and the belt laid in one wide plait below two narrower ones.

Accompanying this toilette there is a very small beige toque, with fan bows at the sides and very large full brown aigrettes.

Accordion plaiting was more extensively introduced in the following bodice of pale blue chiffon: The accordion-plaited sleeve was divided into two puffs, each of which was almost covered by a deep ruffle of cream lace. A full collar of lace had a stiff bow of blue satin ribbon at either side of the back. Over an accordion-plaited corsage a full front of blue chiffon, edged with cream lace, fell loosely almost to the waist. A very full jabot of lace hung over the shoulders, then outlined the sides of the loose front and fell in long points to the waist. A soft belt of blue satin had standing bows at the back.

This bodice may be accompanied by an accordion-plaited skirt of blue chiffon, with lengthwise stripes of cream lace insertion, or it may be worn as an evening waist with black silk skirt.

For card parties chiffon waists promise to be much in vogue, and are shown in many pretty shades of red, blue, pink yellow and green. Black chiffon, garnished with white lace, also makes a very pretty and effective bodice.

As the chiffon readily lends itself to accordion plaiting, the latter is much used for these dainty waists, in some instances the plaits running crosswise, but being held by lengthwise bands of lace insertion, thus forming a series of accordion-plaited puffs. Deep collars and cuffs of lace are a great addition to the plainer chiffon corsages.

Those charming little "Bolero" seal skin coats are very much in vogue again this season, and, without doubt, they are eminently becoming, the only drawback to them being that they cannot be worn with any skirt. With a much trimmed skirt, for instance, they look positively ugly. These little jackets are much favored by French women. Ladies in France have a greater chance of showing their costumes off, as it is the correct thing when driving in the Bois to leave their carriage and walk a little. This they do more especially if they have some extra pretty toilette to show, and it is in this way one may often catch a glimpse of the latest creation. Last time I was there I noticed a tall, slender woman sweeping along in a full black velvet skirt which brushed up clouds of dust. I felt quite sorry for the lovely dress, that was edged all round with a narrow band of Alaska sable, about which rose a broad line of exquisite guipure lace. The accompanying corsage of "royal" blue velvet was made in the loose blouse fashion, richly trimmed with the lace to match the skirt; a sable collarette finished with sable tails was worn round the neck, while a large picture hat of black felt, surrounded by ostrich plumes and raised at the back with a satin bow, completed the ultra chic effect.

Among the latest dainty novelties at the "Maison" Redfern are two exceedingly stylish coats. The first is a remarkably handsome and becoming coat, composed of rich, red-brown velvet, fastening down the centre with invisible hooks and eyes; it is elegantly trimmed with dark brown fur; this edges the demi-flare collar and forms two lines down the front; the fully pleated sleeves are finished with a roll cuff also edged with the fur. The great feature of this coat lies in the artistically beautiful embroidery of black and gold, which in the front forms a "zouave," and at the back terminates in a prettily rounded curve. Two elegant sprays of braiding also decorate the lower front corners and smaller ones the pockets. The coat back is finished with a little spray of braiding on either side of the large pleats. The velvet hat, so suitable to wear with this dressy coat, is ornamented with black and gold ribbon bows and one golden aigrette.

The second sketch was a perfect dream of a coat, composed of Russian blue velvet. The long flare basque is void of ornamentation, while the close-fitting waist is crossed over and fastened on the left-hand side with a large fancy button.

The vest is of black Melton cloth, elegantly braided in silver, while down the front runs a single row of silver buttons, more for ornament than use. The very wide revers and the squarely cut collar are of the cub bear fur. The large, loose sleeves terminate in long cuffs, which are richly braided and edged with fur. Round the waist, in place of the hip seam, is a narrow belt, which is also braided in silver.

### Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

About Flavorings.—The great success of fine cookery of all kinds consists in the delicate and careful use of seasonings, in the mingling of tastes well joined. A generation ago almost the only flavorings known to temperance people in sweet cookery were vanilla, lemon, nutmeg, bitter almonds and cinnamon.

To-day there are many dainty new flavorings, and the coarser spices are little used in delicate cookery, but are reserved for rich puddings and for savory dishes of meats and other places where they properly belong. The juice of various fruits, coffee, and tea, and caramel have been added in the last dozen years to our list of flavors.

Vanilla remains in use, as it has been for over a hundred years, but there is considerable doubt if the vanilla trade of to-day is quite equal to the genuine bean of that tropical parasite from which our grandmothers made their flavoring. A great deal of the vanilla of trade is made from the coarse tonka bean.

Even those dainty custards which were flavored with fresh peach leaves had a certain delicacy which we miss from the custard flavored with bitter almond extract. It may be a comfort to those who use the bitter almond extract that physicians have quite generally condemned the peach leaf on account of the presence of prussic acid in the green leaf. This acid, however, is so very, very volatile, and so easily expelled by a slight heat, that it seems impossible that any danger may lurk in peach leaves that have been thoroughly boiled.

The root from which tapioca is made is so much more heavily impregnated with prussic acid that ten drops will kill an able bodied man in twenty-six minutes, and it is actually used as a means of public execution by some Indians of South America. Tapioca is only the pulp of the root from which this deadly juice is squeezed out by the hand.

Even the poisonous juice itself is saved and boiled when the prussic acid is expelled, and from this juice is made the popular beer of the country. Yet no one doubts that tapioca is one of the most wholesome substances in use in our kitchen.

Lemon flavoring is not so much used now as it once was. There is always something of popular fancy in this matter, and lemon is just now out of fashion, though it will remain a delicious and refreshing flavor for ice creams and cold desserts. It is not often used in hot desserts in this country. The best lemon flavoring is that made from bits of the yellow peel boiled in milk. A good lemon essence may be found in the market, but, like vanilla essence, must be of the best kind, and it must be confessed that the essences are easier to use than anything else.

A flavoring of coffee is one of the most delicious of the new flavorings. It may be used in custards, ice creams, the icing of cake, and in many other cold desserts. A charlotte russe flavored with coffee is especially nice. To flavor a quart of custard, take two heaping tablespoonfuls of Mocha coffee, ground quite fine and measured after grinding. If possible, the coffee should have been browned and ground the day it is used. Pour the quart of milk of which the custard is to be made boiling hot over the coffee, beat the whole thoroughly for two or three minutes over the fire. Then remove it from the stove, cover it and let it stand where it will gradually cool and the flavoring of the coffee will be infused through the milk. Then strain it. This gives a very delicate delicious flavor of coffee, and is strong enough to flavor a quart of ice cream, in which case a mixture of half cream and half milk must be poured over the coffee.

To make a coffee essence for flavoring icings and other dishes that cannot be flavored by infusion, take two heaping tablespoonfuls of good Mocha coffee, ground and roasted fresh. Pour over it a cup of cold water. Let it reduce over the fire until there remain but four tablespoonfuls, when it is strained. Use about one tablespoonful of this to flavor the icing of one good-sized cake, or a teaspoonful if you like the flavor very delicate.

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The best way to discipline one's heart against scandal is to believe all stories to be false which ought not to be true.

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The prudent always have Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup on hand. It is invaluable.

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A GREAT INVENTION FOR RESTAURATEURS.—While the proprietor of the Maison Doree was standing, says a San Francisco paper, behind his counter the other day, catching flies for currant-cake, and wishing that a little of the business wave which the eastern papers say so much about would slop over into his restaurant, as it were, a young man, with a beaming smile on his face and a big box under his arm, entered.

"Don't want any sleeve-buttons, nor nothin'," growled the dyspepsia-distributer, glancing at the box.

"No, nor I," said the stranger affably, depositing the box on the counter and removing the lid. "But what you do want is the greatest invention of recorded time—the restaurant-keeper's friend, the boarding-house proprietor's salvation!"

"Roach poison?" said the steak-stretcher contemptuously.

"No, sir," retorted the young man, taking a handful of singularly-shaped objects out of the box—"something that beats the phonograph and the telephone all hollow. I refer to the Skidmore chop."

"What's that?"

"Why, it's the most economical device of modern times, and I'll prove it right here. Suppose you are serving a dinner to, say, half a dozen persons? Now how many chops do you usually put on the table?"

"Well, about two apiece—say, twelve."

"And how many are eaten?"

"Hum—about four."

"Exactly—that is about the average, as our restaurant statistics show. As a matter of course, however, you are obliged to cook three times as much as you want to make a show. Now, if you could save six chops at every dinner for a year, it would amount to——"

"A fortune!" said the man of cutlets eagerly. "All we can do with 'em now is to work 'em over into hashes."

"Pease to your hashes," said the agent; "all this ruinous waste is now prevented by the introduction to the same dish of the patent Skidmore indestructible india-rubber chop, put up in packages of one dozen and warranted for five years;" and the food-economiser exhibited some life-like imitations of cooked mutton-chops.

"Looks like a good scheme," said the concocter of stews thoughtfully; "but don't the customer ever——"

"Ever tumble? Not in the least. He only notices that one chop is a little tougher than the others, and he leaves it. These smaller ones come higher, as they are made of a little more limber article of rubber for lamb chops. Can't be told from the genuine by the naked eye. All you have to do is to grease them on both sides, warm them up a little, and serve them mixed in with the others same as usual."

"Seems like they are about as tender as the regulation kind," said the restaurateur, pricking one with a fork. "Don't they ever get eaten by mistake"

"No—no—that is, not now. We did lose a few that way when first introduced, but now that we make the material tougher it don't happen any more, unless they swallow them whole. Why, here's a specimen that's been in use in a Chicago eating-saloon for three years, night and day, and you can't see the first tooth-print in it yet."

"That settles it," said the restaurateur; "I'll take a gross."

"I thought you would," said the chop-agent as he took down the order and emphatically declined an invitation for some lunch. "I will drop round in a few days, and show you samples of some soft white-rubber lobsters we are getting up especially for the country trade—make the best article of indestructible salad known;" and he shouldered his box and walked off in the direction of Baldwin's Hotel.

---

A KNEE SCOT.—A gentleman of large means in a Scottish county had a hothouse vinery celebrated for its choice produce. When the Queen was on one of her periodical journeys through Scotland the royal train was timed to stop for luncheon at a well-known through station in that county, and Mr. Childers availed himself of the opportunity to send her Majesty an offering of his best grapes. In due course a letter of acknowledgment expressing the royal appreciation of the gift, and complimenting the donor on the fineness of the fruit, reached him; and, feeling sure his head gardener would be greatly interested in the contents of the letter, Mr. Childers read it to him. The gardener gravely listened, but his only comment was: "She diena say onnything aboot sending back the basket."

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HOW IT ORIGINATED.—The expression "putting one's foot in it" is by no means elegant, but so expressive that, sometimes, nothing else can take its place. It has an amusing historical origin. When the title to land is disputed in Hindostan, two holes are dug in the ground, and one leg of each of the lawyers of the rival claimants is buried therein. In this awkward position the dusky legal champions fall to arguing, and the one who tires first loses his client's case. Thus, in a very humiliating sense, both the losing litigant and the defeated lawyer have "put a foot in it."

---

The careful mother always keeps Salvation Oil handy, for cuts and bruises.


R. R. R.

# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

**For Internal and External Use.**

In using medicines to stop pain we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, Ether, Cocaine and Choloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, the patient losing the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it makes the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least danger, in either infant or adult.

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

## RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

Instantly relieves and soon cures

| | |
|---|---|
| Sore Throat, | Colds, Coughs, |
| Inflammation, | Sciatica, |
| Lumbago, | Rheumatism, |
| Neuralgia, | Influenza, |

**Difficult Breathing.**

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pains.

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**Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.**

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

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**Purely Vegetable.**

—THE—

**GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY**

**An Excellent and Mild Cathartic.**

**PERFECTLY TASTELESS.**

**Over Forty Years in Use and Never Known to Fail.**

Possesses properties the most extraordinary in restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action the various organs, the natural conditions of which are so necessary for health, grapple with and neutralise the impurities, driving them completely out of the system.

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**Sick Headache,**
**Female Complaints,**
**Indigestion,**
**Biliousness,**
**Constipation,**
**Dyspepsia,**

—AND—

**All Disorders of the Liver.**

☞ Full printed directions in each box; 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price.

RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., N. Y.

### RABBIT-LAND.

No one who has not traveled over the rabbit-infested districts of Australia can form anything like an adequate idea of the destructiveness of the furry little rodent whose presence lends so much charm to rural life in many parts of the Old World. Less than half a century ago there was not one rabbit in the whole of Australasia. A few were introduced into New Zealand in 1860; and into New South Wales and Victoria some eight or ten years previously; and now the multitude of them is so great that no one would attempt even to approximate their number. The hostility of man they practically defy.

They march westward or northward, multiplying as they go, and devouring as they go; and sheep and cattle men leave plains and ridges to them. The Central Governments have contended against them with every weapon which promised success; and provincial bodies and energetic private individuals either supplemented central Governments, or carried on the war on lines of their own; but the rabbits are victorious to-day in a more effective manner than they were ten years ago.

The soil and climate of Australia are largely responsible for this. Under general conditions, rabbits will breed five or six times a year; on the plains of the great interior of Australia they will breed eight times a year regularly, and instances where this record was exceeded are chronicled. Bearing in mind that the litter seldom number fewer than eight, one can see what multitudes must arise if checks be not applied. The common estimate of offsprings from one mother in four years is given at over a million and a quarter; but if that estimate had been formed on the exceptionally favorable conditions which Australia affords, the figures would be much more startling.

None of the methods adopted so far to exterminate or restrict the pest can be called even moderately successful. Two contiguous colonies spend respectively twenty and forty thousand pounds per year in direct State effort; while hundreds of thousands are expended indirectly; but the answer comes as a still increasing plague. One of the most perplexing difficulties the Governments encounter in applying some of their remedies is what may be called an alliance, offensive and defensive, which becomes formed between the persecuted rabbits and speculative members of the general community. For instance, one plan of extermination permitted the squatters to fix the amount of the scalp-bonus, while the State undertook to pay back fourpence-halfpenny of every sixpence thus paid by the squatter. It was thought that under this system the squatter would see that the men he employed to trap, poison, or shoot did their work efficiently, the State and he standing together as partners, and proportionately bearing the expense. This theory, however, produced very human results, and results, too, which, were they not pernicious, might be considered amusing. After an expenditure of about a quarter of a million of money, the rabbits had mostly increased in number; and then it was discovered that on the terms set down it was more to the interest of many selectors and squatters to grow rabbits than to grow sheep. The rent paid per acre for a run was so small that the lessee who made good terms with his men derived, from cultivating and scalping rabbits under this bonus system, a larger income than was attainable in his proper occupation.

But this bonus system had another bad feature, for where the lessee fulfilled his bargain with the State, the rabbiter almost invariably bred rabbits on his own account. It was opposed to his interest to cut away the root of his occupation, and he accordingly so worked a piece of country that when he reached the boundary on one side, a new generation awaited him on the other.

For these reasons, the bonus system is now generally regarded as a delusion and a snare; and though it still has admirers, it is unlikely to be again approved on any large scheme.

Fencing the rabbits out with wire-netting is an expedient whose promise had been greater than results yet fulfil. Victoria has stretched hundreds of miles of wire along the South Australian border; and Queensland is daily adding lines of similar defence to arrest incursions from New South Wales. Some of these fences are four hundred and five hundred miles long without a break; and if they prove able to realize the purpose in view, lines of fence thousands of miles long will come into existence in a short time. But confidence in these wire fences is far from being universal. Rabbits are often accidentally shut in instead of out when the fence is being raised, and even those shut out have in many cases managed a way in. Besides, it is a fact that Australian rabbits are developing powers totally unknown to their kin across the seas. There are authenticated cases of their getting through, over and under the netting, and of their climbing both fences and trees; and in the presence of such developments, faith in fences is subject to waver.

The tank trap is growing greatly in favor. This, however, is successful on a large scale only during the dry months of the year. A run dotted with these traps should be able to report well at certain seasons. A couple of stations using seven of them captured 23,000 rabbits lately in one week, and calculate that they can destroy 80,000 a month regularly. Poisoning the water is often suggested, and has been occasionally tried; but, when tried, the results were not commensurable with the risks run. Settlers generally dislike the expedient. Birds get to the poisoned water, and even stock find it out. A like objection lies to the employment of poisoned grain or other food.

The flesh of rabbits is very little used in Australia; that is partly because the animals abound to such an extent that they are classed with vermin. Doubt as to how they come by their death also causes the public to pass them by. Of late years, the exportation of skins has received attention.

Is there a means of exterminating the Australian rabbit? Is it possible to cultivate a microbe in a chemist's laboratory which shall deal death to this national pest, while being innocuous to bird and beast? Nearly two thousand years ago, the Balearic Islands were devastated by this voracious rodent. Is science more a match for it now than it was then?

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OF LIGHT.—Of all the elements which are active and pervading the material universe, the light which emanates from the sun is the most remarkable and effective, whether we view it in its sanitary, scientific or æsthetical relations. It is the very life-blood of nature, without which everything material would fade and perish. It is the fountain of all our knowledge of the external universe. The influence of light on physical life should be more considered and understood; while it has given to astronomy and navigation their telescopes and instruments of discovery, and to the botanist, the naturalist and physiologist their microscopes, simple and compound, it has shown how the juices of plants, and the integuments and films of organic bodies elicit from the pure sunbeams its prismatic elements; clothing fruit and flowers with their gorgeous attires; bathing every aspect of nature in the rich and varied hues of spring and of autumn; painting the sky with azure, and the clouds with gold. Science furnishes us with principles and methods by which the blessings of light may be diffused in localities where a cheering sunbeam has been reached, and where all the poisons and malaria of darkness have been undermining the soundest constitutions, and carrying thousands of our race prematurely to the grave. The influence of light on vegetable life has been a matter of deep interest and study to the botanist and chemist, and placed it beyond a doubt that the rays of the sun exert the most marked influence on the respiration, the absorption, and the exhalation of plants, and, consequently, on their general and local nutrition. Dr. Priestly says "that it is well known that without light no plant can thrive; and if it do grow at all in the dark, it is always white, and is in all respects in a sick and weakly state." When we pass from the flickering flame, from the tallow to the vase filled with oil, from the wax lights to the flame of gas, and from the latter to the electric light, we see the rapid stride which art and science have taken in the illumination of our houses and streets. The scientist James Wylie, who was physician to the Emperor of Russia, studied the effects of light as a curative agent. In the hospitals of St. Petersburg there were apartments entirely without lights; and upon comparing the number of patients who left those departments cured, he found that they were only one-fourth the number of those who went out cured from properly lighted rooms. L. G. W.

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THE OIL RUB OR BATH.—Do you know that the ancient Greeks owed much of their physical beauty, suppleness of limb and strength of constitution to the use of oil as a lotion?

Of late years the great value of the oil rub has been recognized by the medical fraternity and is used by them in the treatment of many diseases, with the most satisfactory results. By its use infants, if delicate, are strengthened and nourished; if they have bowel trouble, oil rubbed on the abdomen assists in remedying the disorder, relieves pain and soothes the child.

If oil is rubbed on the skin of persons in fever it prevents the surface becoming parched, also strengthens and nourishes the patient, as it is absorbed, so acts as food.

If a person had cold in the head oil rubbed on the nose and forehead loosens the cold, and freer breathing is the result. If the cold is on the lungs oil rubbed on the chest soon relieves the suffocating feeling, and the cough is less harsh.

Oil rubbed on the sides, back and chest is one of the most helpful things that can be done for a consumptive. It loosens the cough and helps build up the tissues. Physicians say a consumptive's case is hopeful as long as he retains his flesh. This the oil aids in doing.

Nothing equals in its efficacy an oil bath for a new-born babe, the oil being well rubbed over the flesh, then rubbed off with a soft cashmere cloth.

And, finally, the woman that wishes to keep her complexion fresh and skin free from wrinkles patiently rubs oil on her face. Almond oil is considered best for the face; cocoanut or olive oil for all other purposes. If these are not available lard will answer. For the oil rub take a small portion and rub it thoroughly into the flesh.

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Two relics of Abraham Lincoln of very exceptional interest have just been added to the museum at the house in which he died, 516 Tenth street, in Washington. The first is the Lincoln family Bible, owned by the President's parents, and having his name on the inside of the cover in a childish, scrawling hand. It is of a rare edition of 1799. This book bears the marks of much use. The second relic is a deed, all in Mr. Lincoln's hand, bearing date the 25th of October, 1841, and in a perfect condition as to legibility.

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SAD-EYED PARTY.—"Say, boss, will yo give me a few cents toward gettin' me wife in an old ladies' home?" The Solicited One (dubiously)—Why don't your wife come herself?" Sad-Eyed Party (angrily)—"Oh, that's just the way with you people! When you give charity you want to humble people as much as you can. You don't expect a woman to come in here and stand up and acknowledge she's old enough to go in an old ladies' home, do you?"

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TRAVELER: "Ah, Miss Society, if you want to see Nature at its best you should take a trip through the pine woods of Norway." Miss Society: "Wouldn't it be grand! And I do so dote on pineapples."

---

"I THINK whistling should be taught to boys in school," said Harkaway. "Why?" queried Barnum. "Because, if it was, you couldn't get 'em to practice it outside," said Harkaway.

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(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

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# PATENTS

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Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

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# Humorous.

## LIES BLEEDING.

The Flower of Love lies bleeding!
Our lovely, dainty Rose;
And a sound of grief and wailing
Through all the household goes.
Yet dry your tears, fond mother;
Sweet sisters, end your woes,
For they tell me it is only
A bleeding at the nose!

—H. J. R.

Cutting a swell—lancing a boil.

How to put a horse on his metal—shoe him.

The heart's action—a breach-of-promise case.

The pen enables a young man to give his girl an inkling of his sentiments.

If you doubt that the world moves ask some driver of a furniture van about it.

A modest request. "Please, Mr. Smith, will you give me a little more ham to finish my mustard?"

"That's a good idea. Carry it out," said the editor to a man who came in with a better plan for running the paper.

A young man was seen lately with two heads on his shoulders. It was not a curiosity, as one belonged to his sweetheart.

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

This was the very concise verdict of a coroner's jury in Idaho: We find that the deceased came to his death by calling Tom Watlings a liar.

"This is a nice time to come home!" she said. "I am glad to hear you say so, dear," he answered. "I thought you might think I was rather late."

"Miss Passay seemed offended at you last evening. What did you say?" asked Yabsley. "Blessed if I know. I only asked her if she didn't dread having to wear hoops again."

"It's been puzzling my brain," inadvertently remarked Snodgrass.

"What has?" asked Snively.

"Whether a man with a glass eye ever has a pane in it."

"What do you do, Mr. Basso, when you find yourself singing in a quartette with people who don't know the music?"

"I sing so loud that the others can't be heard," said Mr. Basso.

Wife: "I'm tired to death—been having the baby's photograph taken by the instantaneous process."

Husband: "How long did it take?"

Wife: "About four hours."

Jaggs: "I say, old fellow, can't you lend me ten for a month?"

Naggs: "Sorry, but I haven't anything except a fifty. Got any change?"

Jaggs: "No; but say, just make it fifty for five months; that will do as well."

Mrs. Oldtimer: "Do you know your chickens are always coming over in our garden?"

Mrs. Newwife: "Yes."

Mrs. Oldtimer: "How do you know it?"

Mrs. Newwife: "Because they never come back."

Native to stranger: "We have always an east wind here."

Stranger: "But the wind now is right from the west."

Native: "Oh, that's the east wind coming back, you know."

Stranger: "Ah!"

"Hello, Rivers! You seem to have a bad cold."

"Worst I ever had, Banks."

"I'm sorry for you, old fellow. Wish I know of something that would cure you, but I don't."

"Give me your hand, Banks. You're the only man I've seen for three days that hadn't a sure cure."

A Parisian workman presents himself at the house of a wealthy manufacturer.

"Sir, I wish you a happy New Year."

"Thanks, my good man."

"And I have come for my New Year's gift."

"Who are you? I don't remember your face."

"Why, I am the man who always comes to borrow your wheelbarrow!"

Mother: "Where have you been, Jimmie?"

"Down by the old mill watching a man paint a picture."

"Didn't you bother him?"

"Naw! He seemed to be real interested in me."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me if I didn't think it was most dinner-time and you'd miss me."

Philanthropist: "But, my dear sir, must you strike? Is there no way of settling this matter amicably?"

Striker: "No, there isn't, and besides, I don't mind having a little rest."

Philanthropist: "But if you do not work, what are you to do for bread?"

Striker, proudly: "Look here, sir, I ain't altogether dependent on my wages; my wife goes out a-washing."

THE NEW STAMPS.—The new issue of postage stamps will differ from the current issue in several particulars. Its denominations, for example, will be one, two, three, four, five, six, eight, ten, fifteen and fifty cents, and one, two and five dollars. The regular current issue—that of 1890—has no eight cent stamp, for that became necessary only with the change in the registry fee from ten to eight cents during Postmaster General Wanamaker's administration. Neither has the issue of 1890 any fifty-cent stamp, or any of the series from one dollar upward. The coming issue will drop out the thirty and the ninety-cent stamps, transfering the heads of Thomas Jefferson and Commodore Perry, which now stand on them, respectively to the fifty-cent and one dollar denominations. The Postmaster General has made the designs of the two-dollar and five-dollar stamps a special subject of consideration. Looking over the rest of the series, he found portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant and Garfield, representing the executive branch of the Civil Government; Sherman representing the army and Perry the navy, and Webster and Clay representing the legislative branch. But the judicial branch has been persistently ignored in the stamp portraits from the foundation of the Government till now. In an earlier issue Alexander Hamilton had figured, but the great Constitution maker of opposite education and faith had been ignored, so now John Marshall and James Madison are to appear on the two-dollar and five-dollar stamps.

ABOUT EDITORS.—Artemus Ward, once speaking of editors, said:—"Before you go for an editor, young man, pause and take a big think! Look around and see if there is not an omnibus or some meat cart to drive, some soil somewhere to be filled or a clerkship to be filled—anything that is reputable or healthy, rather than going for an editor, which is a bad business at best. We are not a horse, and consequently have not been called upon to furnish the motive power for a threshing machine; but we fancy that the life of an editor who is forced to write, whether he feels like it or not, is much like the steed in question. If the yeas and neighs could be obtained, we believe that the intelligent horse would decide that the threshing machine is preferable to the sanctum editorial. The editor's work is never done. He is drained incessantly, and no wonder that he dries up prematurely. Other people can attend banquets, weddings, etc., visit balls of dazzling light, and enjoy themselves in a variety of ways; but the editor cannot. He must tenaciously stick to the quill. The press, like a sick baby, must not be left to run by itself even for a day, or somebody indignantly orders the carrier-boy to stop bringing 'that darned paper. There is nothing in it; I won't have it in the house.'"

SOLDIERS' PAY IN CHINA.—The regular army of China is said to consist of 823,000 men. Besides this, the Emperor's army, there is a national army of 650,000 men, who are paid about four shillings a month, but in consideration of this munificence required to feed themselves. The cavalryman receives twelve shillings a month, feeds his own horses, and, should they be lost or killed, must replace them out of the pay given by the Government.

IT was in a furniture store in the Hub, of course. The accomplished salesman recommended some carved furniture to the would-be purchaser. "This is all after patterns by Renaissance," he said, "and you know he is all the style now."


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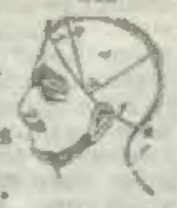
TOUPEE WIG 

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

| TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES. | FOR WIGS, INCHES. |
|---|---|
| No. 1. The round of the head. | No. 1. The round of the head. |
| No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald. | No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2. |
| No. 3. Over forehead as far as required. | No. 3. From ear to ear over the top. |
| No. 4. Over the crown of the head. | No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead. |

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

**Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.**

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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| Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars) | w'k d's 8.35, a m, 4.00 p m | 10.00 |
| Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper) daily 11.30 p m. | | |

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.37, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 2.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamo in Express, weekdays, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 9.00 a m., 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 5.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot: week-days—Express, 6.20, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 7.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m.

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